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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Tories and Patriots

THE United States knows little of its own past, and what it does know is largely wrong. Races that live in one community generation after generation have a fund of tradition that corrects formal history; they are themselves history projected into the present. But in America one moves into a new tradition with each removal to another section, or acquires a ready-made national history on arrival. History for most Americans is like the sacred formulas of savage tribes which have to be memorized by adopted members. It is reduced to a patter, and the more widely such standardized history is taught the deeper conventional ideas of the past with little relation to reality are imprinted upon the American mind.

Fortunately early America has at last become fashionable. American antiques bring high prices, American chronicles come upon the screen and the stage. Lincoln has succeeded in drama, Jackson has twice failed but will yet be dramatized. The Civil War will soon have its literary day. And more important still for right understanding, an array of early records of American life are being printed and reprinted. It is easier than before to learn what the infant America was really like.

Two figures of the common imagination will be overhauled in the process, the supposedly hundred percent American of the days before Ellis Island, and the hated Tory of the Revolution. St. John de Crèvecoeur's "Letters from an American Farmer" first published in 1782, now supplemented by his recently discovered "Sketches of Eighteenth Century America"* are as instructive in this respect as they are interesting. Crèvecoeur was an energetic and cultivated Norman who travelled in the French service through French America, changed his allegiance when the French empire fell in 1759, married, and settled down in the frontier district of what is now Orange County, New York. There he farmed, and amidst the incredible labors of a pioneer saw with a travelled eye and described the novelty of his experience. He was one of the earliest, and remains one of the best, of our nature writers.

And what was this American neighborhood as the French American knew it? Dutch, slow but industrious. Jonathan Edwards speaks of the frontier Dutch as spiritually degraded almost to the level of Indians, but Crèvecoeur praises their caution and steadiness. Irish, who were the poor whites of the district; Germans, good and desirable neighbors; Yankees from Connecticut, real Americans these of many generations, keen, but officious, sanctimonious, tricky, admired for their shrewdness, but disliked as the New Englanders very generally were when they left home, as they were constantly doing; Scotch Irish, energetic trouble makers; Indians, whose way of life was so fascinating that if white youth went with them they could seldom be brought back. And these were the ancestors of those who say without discrimination that the country is ruined because we let in the foreigner! "The strength of the climate," says the author, has the same effect on dogs and men. "In the course of a few generations they become American dogs as well as we American men."

Crèvecoeur's rough but authentic idyll was shattered by the Revolution. What happened to moderate men, doubtful of the wisdom of rebellion, "Landscapes" in the new volume tells. And there is an equivalent story in Jonathan Boucher's "Reminiscences of an American Loyalist"** just published. The American Revolution was social and domestic as well as political and national. The have-nots spoiled the haves. British sympathizers, like the McFingal of John Trumbull's admirable (though forgotten) satire, escaped early to the ports, having converted their wealth, but temperate men, like Crèvecoeur, who waited, hoping for peace, suffered most. No matter what they had done or been in the community, their lands were confiscated, and they were hunted like wolves through the forests. Crèvecoeur, who was more than half Quaker, thought of removing his whole family to the Indian wilderness, but feared the after effects upon his children. In the end he had to fly, his house was burned, his wife died, his children were lost, and not until he returned as French consul after the war did he find them in Boston.

Indeed it is a fair question whether the really

(*Continued on page* 257)

Dusk: N. Y. C.

By S. FOSTER DAMON

THE round and hot sun lingers, softly lighting
A solitary cloud with violet.
On the rich sky an aeroplane is writing
In smoke the name of a cheap cigarette.

The skyscrapers, as placid as young sibyls,
Smile on the traffic's pandemonium.
A hand, gigantic and invisible, scribbles
In flame the name of a new chewing gum.

O mob, you have formed the world to your desire!
You are your own God: the old gods are dead.
These are your pillar of cloud, your pillar of fire;
These are your substitutes for wine and bread.

This Week

"The Wind." Reviewed by *Vernon Loggins.*

"We Must March." Reviewed by *Agnes C. Laut.*

Two Books on Byron. Reviewed by *Samuel C. Chew.*

"The Making of the English New Testament" Reviewed by *Kirsopp Lake.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Children's Book Week Number

Prep Schools for Rotarians. By *O. J. Lewis.*

Reviews by *Anne Parrish, Hugh Lofting, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Marion Ponsonby*, and others.

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An Epic Work

By A. L. GARDINER

Editor, London *Daily News*

IF IT is in the power of books to influence human affairs, I do not think it can be doubted that Lord Grey's apologia* will have a high place among the events of history. It deals with the vastest drama in the secular annals of mankind, and it deals with it with a noble simplicity that gives it something of the emotion of cosmic tragedy. The impression is the stronger because it is so clearly unsought and even unthought of. Lord Grey writes as he speaks. In my experience—and I have been familiar with the oratory of the House of Commons since the days of Gladstone—there has been no speaker of distinction in our time whose method was so plain and unadorned, or who sustained his argument with such unanswerable force as Lord Grey. He has the gift of what one may call naked oratory beyond contemporary precedent. The secret of his power is indicated in his reference to his momentous speech in the House of Commons on August 3rd, 1914. No one who heard that speech will ever forget it. The last hope had gone. Europe was plunging into the abyss of war—war on a scale such as the world had never seen. He rose in a House shaken with the agony of the moment, torn with the bitterest dissensions, the bulk of his own supporters gloomily distrustful of the policy that was sweeping the nation into the general vortex. He sat down—and I speak as one who had been publicly critical of his diplomacy—with the House silent, sorrowful, but convinced. It was that speech and it was his personality that carried the nation into the war at once and with practical unanimity. "When I stood up in the House of Commons," he says, referring to this occasion, "I do not recall feeling nervous. At such a moment there could be neither hope of personal success nor fear of personal failure. In a great crisis a man who has to act or speak, stands bare and stripped of choice. He has to do what it is in him to do; just this is what he will do and must do and he can do no other."

And he writes as he speaks, with the same simplicity, honesty, directness. You may doubt his wisdom, but you cannot doubt the high and chivalrous quality of character that shines through his utterance. You cannot doubt the nobility of his aims nor the large, humane disinterestedness with which he pursues them. His candor disarms criticism. If he thinks he was wrong here or there he says he was wrong. If he has changed his view of a given situation in the light of fuller knowledge, he admits it. He regrets that the military conversations with France in 1906 were not disclosed to the full Cabinet, though with characteristic restraint he does not recall the fact that the neglect was mainly due to the domestic tragedy which at that moment shattered his private life. He admits that his view, that in the twelve day crisis that preceded the war, Austria was only the instrument of Germany, has been qualified. He thinks now that Austria's part was more independent than he had supposed. He disclaims any title to present the whole vast complex of things in its true proportions and relations. He sees the drama from one angle only, is careful to define his own limitations, and is conspicuously fair to the opposing views. Thus, referring to the

*TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: 1892-1916. By VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1925. 2 vols. $10.

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struggle with the Cabinet on the eve of the war, he says: "It must be admitted that if there were not an anti-war group in the Cabinet there ought to have been. . . If this feeling had not been represented in the Cabinet the Government would have been out of touch with the country, an unsafe position in any circumstances, a most dangerous one in a crisis."

He does not pretend that the Entente did not involve irritations to Germany and he confesses to the discomfort in his mind, "of finding us somehow engaged in blocking Germany's projects in other parts of the world. We were bound to oppose her plans when they were inimical and dangerous to British interests, but was it necessary to assume that everything everywhere that Germany wanted was dangerous to us?" He rejoiced in the opportunity of satisfying the German aspirations in Asia Minor by the Bagdad railway agreement, and he ingenuously admits that in 1906 he was anxious to concede a coaling station to Germany in West Africa, until he discovered that in the previous year his predecessor at the Foreign Office, Lord Lansdowne, had encouraged France to resist pressure from Germany for the concession of a coaling station in Morocco. In short, the attitude throughout is that of a dispassionate observer of events, recording his own motives, his own thoughts, and his own share in the action with studied moderation and detachment.

The result gives the reader the impression of sitting beside a patient tossing in a fever. The patient is Europe, and the fever lasts a generation before it culminates in the catastrophe. Sometimes the fever subsides, sometimes the patient is quiescent, sometimes the danger point seems even to have passed, as in 1913, but always the high temperature returns, the peril reappears, and the agony is renewed. Was the disease too deep-seated to be beyond cure? Was the peril avoidable by the wisdom of men, or was the catastrophe inherent in the conditions?

* * *

Let us look at the progress of the fever as Grey saw it, and as he records it. Whatever view may be taken of his own part in the story there can be no doubt that from the beginning to the end he was actuated by the single motive of preserving the peace of Europe. That can be said more confidently of him than of any other principal in the vast sweep of events. His story begins in 1892, when, the foremost figure among the younger politicians of the time, he became under-secretary to Lord Rosebery at the Foreign Office. The loom of fate had already begun to weave its pattern. The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy had called into being the counter alliance of France and Russia. England stood aloof. It was the period of "splendid isolation" with its complementary aspiration for the Concert of Europe. In so far as England had sympathies, they were German sympathies inspired in part by an unbroken historical amity, in part by the sentiment of the Victorian court. They were expressed by successive Prime Ministers of unusual authority and of both parties—Gladstone, Salisbury, Rosebery. Throughout the 'nineties those sympathies prevailed. If there was fear, it was fear of France and Russia, and all the preparations for naval security were made on the Franco-Russian calculation. Twice we were on the brink of war with France, over the Bangkok incident in 1893, and the Fashoda incident in 1898. The pinpricks of France and the menace of the incalculable despotism of Russia were tending to strengthen the German sympathies of the country and pave the way, if "splendid isolation" had to be sacrificed, to an understanding with that country. This tendency, implicit in the policy of Salisbury and Rosebery alike, took form in 1899 when Chamberlain made his memorable speech suggesting an Anglo-Saxon-Teutonic understanding, which should cover not merely England and Germany, but, if she were disposed, America also.

That gesture, made under the impression that it would be welcomed, evoked no response from Germany. It evoked no response because throughout the 'nineties, while the hostility of France was open and flagrant, there was no compensating spirit of friendship from Germany. Bismarck had fallen, the young Kaiser was in the saddle, and the Bismarckian tradition of Continental dominance had given place to the dream of world power. That dream had changed the orientation of Germany. "Our future is on the sea," said the Kaiser at Stettin in 1898, and there began that development of the sea power of Germany in which collision with the sea power of Britain was implicit. The significance of this change of attitude was not realized in England in the 'nineties in spite of such unfriendly incidents as the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger, and at the very time that Chamberlain was making his overture to Germany, Bülow, the Chancellor, was writing a private memorandum in which he said:

> On the whole it is certain that opinion in England is far less anti-German than opinion in Germany is anti-English; therefore those Englishmen like Chirol and Saunders (the *Times* correspondent who was subsequently banished from Berlin) are the most dangerous to us since they know from their own observations the depth and bitterness of German antipathy against England.

The practical rejection of the Chamberlain overture did not sensibly increase suspicion in England and even as late as 1902 the disposition of the Government to work with Germany was illustrated, and most unfortunately illustrated, by its association in the Venezulean episode. It can hardly be doubted that the Kaiser's purpose in that affair was to challenge the Monroe doctrine and to involve England in the challenge. The peril was fortunately realized before events had gone too far, and when the cloud passed and it was seen how near the country had been brought to a grave rupture with the United States, public opinion was deeply aroused. From this incident sprang the widespread suspicion of Germany and the definite impulse to sacrifice the doctrine of "splendid isolation". That doctrine was valid while it was believed that the feelings of Germany were friendly, but that belief seemed no longer tenable in view of the spirit of German relations and the now unconcealed challenge to the naval supremacy of England.

This change of mentality was the opportunity for Delcassé, whose mind had dominated French foreign policy for ten years and who was the true author and begetter of the Entente. Grey, then out of office, welcomed the Anglo-French understanding. He had no personal enthusiasm for France and no hostility to Germany, but he was alarmed by the drift of events and was seized with the conviction that England must have cordial relations with somebody. When he came into office as Foreign Secretary in 1906 he had two motives, the first was to stop the drift of Europe to war, the other was to secure the position of his own country in the event of failure. "I re-entered office," he says, "with the fixed resolve not to lose the one friendship we had made, not to slip back again into the friction of 1892-5. With Germany I wanted to be as friendly as I could be, without sacrificing friendships already made."

* * *

The history of the next eight years was the history of the failure of the one motive and the success of the other. Perhaps they were irreconcilable. Perhaps "splendid isolation" still represented the true function of England in Continental affairs—we shall never know. But the pauseless challenge of Germany at sea was the rock on which Grey's major motive split. Gesture after gesture was made to Germany without response. We stopped building capital ships: Germany went on building more. We offered a ten years' naval holiday: Tirpitz produced a new and more formidable naval programme. We sent Haldane to negotiate privately with the Kaiser: he returned with the confession of failure. Meanwhile Germany was testing the reality of the Entente. The first Moroccan crisis in 1905, the Bosnia-Herzgovina crisis in 1908, the second Moroccan crisis in 1911—in turn aimed at trying the ice. With each incident the universal tension increased. Then with the Balkan war in 1912 and the success of the London Conference there came a momentary lift of the cloud. It was Grey's hour of triumph. He seemed to have restored the Concert of Europe. The Kaiser paid him a handsome tribute, and for a few brief months the sky of Europe was clearer than it had been for seven years. Then, almost out of the blue, came the catastrophe. Grey acquits the Kaiser of a desire for war. He wanted another "shining armor" victory of diplomacy, but he had lost prestige with the military autocrats by the compromise of 1911 and was swept into the current.

Grey fairly emphasizes the refusal by Germany to accept a conference as the crucial test of responsibility for the war. Only a little more than a year before the London Conference of Ambassadors had saved Europe. All the members of that conference were still in London. Their intervention would have checked the mad torrent of events, changed the atmosphere, perhaps averted the disaster. But Germany said "No," and in saying "No," proclaimed war.

* * *

By far the most important revelation of Grey's book deals, not with the origins of the war, but with President Wilson's peace overture in February, 1916, and Grey's attitude towards it. If Grey in history is burdened with a share of the responsibility of the tragedy, it will not be because of his motives, but because of his methods. His motives were high and noble: his methods were rigid and official. He had static force, not dynamic force. His loyalty was excessive: his quality of initiative deficient. All this is illustrated in the Wilson episode. Colonel House told Grey in February, 1916, that the President, on hearing from France and England that the moment was opportune, would propose a conference to put an end to the war. Should the allies accept this proposal and should Germany refuse it, the United States would probably enter into war against Germany. As to the conditions of peace Colonel House, speaking for Wilson, expressed an opinion decidedly favorable to the restoration of Belgium, the transference of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and the acquisition of an outlet to the sea by Russia, with certain compensations to Germany outside Europe. This overture was disregarded. Beyond being forwarded by the French ambassador to M. Briand, it might as well have been dropped in the wastepaper basket. Apparently no mention of the subject directly was made to Briand and no pressure was applied to give it effect. This was not because Grey did not realize its gravity. It was because he feared to give France the impression that we were weakening by mentioning the word, "peace." He left the initiative, if initiative there was to be, to Briand. He did not ask him to consider it: he waited for Briand to act. Briand was as much afraid of talking of peace as Grey and remained silent. It was not until nine months later, on the eve of the fall of the Asquith Coalition, that Grey communicated the House memorandum to the Cabinet with the cautious suggestion that in certain circumstances—that is the weakening of one of the Allies—the Wilson overture should be considered.

I do not think that the final judgment will acquit Grey in this great matter. It is true, of course, that in February, 1916, such a peace proposal as Wilson contemplated would not have been accepted by Germany, but the consideration of that proposal was the plain, obvious duty of the Allies, and the fact that it was not considered will remain a grave blot on the statesmanship of Grey. The incident did not reflect any lack of appreciation on Grey's part of the importance of America. There is no more striking feature of his story than that dealing with his relations with the U. S. A. prior to its intervention in the war. In those relations his wisdom, patience, and goodwill were unfailing and his friendship with Page, Roosevelt, and House was a priceless service. That feeling was abundantly reciprocated and among the memorable things of the book is a letter from Roosevelt to Grey written at the most critical stage of the controversy over the right of search at sea, in which Roosevelt quotes from a letter from John Bright to Sumner during the Civil War: "At all hazards," said Bright, "you must not let this matter grow to a war with England; even if you are right and we are wrong." "With the reversal of names," added Roosevelt, "the advice I am giving is the same as John Bright gave and my reasons are the same."

Grey speaks in one place of how "after the outbreak of the war I sometimes lay awake asking myself again and again whether the war could have been prevented by anything that I could have done in the preceding years." That question does not admit of an absolute answer, but

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his own view clearly is that the armaments race that preceded the war made the catastrophe inevitable. It is difficult to resist that conclusion and the argument of Grey is that, given the same conditions, the same result must follow. It is because the spirit of the book is that of a man not so much seeking to justify himself or to secure a verdict from posterity, as to utter a warning to the world out of the agony of his own terrific experience, that it is charged with an epic and prophetic power. "Learn or perish" is the alternative before human society. Not in better preparations for a state of things similar to that of 1914, but in a world policy that shall prevent that state of things recurring is the only hope of the world. The talk about new and old diplomacy is "useless chatter." A new diplomacy will not save us. Only a new world relationship can save us. Science has changed the whole basis of civilization and war is an impossible corollary of that civilization. War and modern civilization cannot co-exist, and if competitive armaments are not destroyed, civilization itself is doomed. On that sombre note of challenge to the wisdom of mankind the book closes.

The Earth's Anguish

THE WIND. ANONYMOUS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by VERNON LOGGINS

THE bleak spots of the earth, where the sporting gods come face to face with man and show him how gingerly they can turn tight the screws that torture him, have formed the setting of many a significant story. We have had the barrenness of an English heath, the snows of the Canadian North, the malarial marshes of a tropical island, the sea in a hundred inimical guises. In "The Wind" we have the rainless plains of West Texas, an ideal nature for the sombre realist to study. How William Blake, with his theory that nature and the devil are one, would have revelled in certain descriptions of Texas prairies which appear in this book!

Stretches of wind-whipped sand; never a tree—no growth save brownish cactus and leaf-stripped mesquite; the spring of the year without flower or bud; cows, dead from starvation and thirst, scattered over the plains and haunted by vultures; and, worst of all, the terrifying wind, ready at any moment to burst into a cyclone. No beauty, except the skies at night, and the quick sunrises and sunsets. Such was the West Texas of thirty or forty years ago as the anonymous author of "The Wind" portrays it.

Into this environment comes Letty Mason, typical old-fashioned Virginia girl, sensitive, ignorant, very pretty, and hopelessly weak. Her mother has died, the family money is all gone, and her pastor has advised her to come to Texas to be the governess for the children of her one remaining relative, a cousin, Beverly Mason. On the train bearing her west from Fort Worth she falls into conversation with Wirt Roddy, a ranchman, who has pioneered in Texas and has survived. He is big rich now, and bad; it is rumored that he has in some place set up a sort of harem. He casts a strange spell over Letty, which the girl is too ignorant to recognize as a sex call. Moreover, by a casual word he instils in her a horrifying fear of the Texas winds.

Unguided by the lethargic Beverly, who might have helped her, she pushes on, fighting circumstance in her feeble way, to the tragedy that ends the story. Says the author,—

> The wind was the cause of it all. The sand, too, had a share in it, and human beings were involved, but the wind was the primal force, and but for the wind the whole series of events would not have happened.

Another story of the earth's anguish. That, and more. One might expect such a mood as produces the marble-like poetry of "Maria Chpadelaine." But in "The Wind" there is a different type of poetry, the poetry of realism. The old West,—with its picturesque slang, its humor, its ballad-making, its legends of Indians and pioneers, its wild imagination,—is again revealed to us, not this time with sentimental glamour, but with cold truth. The author has thrown his emphasis on this realism, and in it lies the great strength which "The Wind" as a work of art attains.

The Winning of Oregon

WE MUST MARCH. By HONORE WILLSIE MORROW. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by AGNES C. LAUT
Author of "Pioneers of the Pacific Coast"

HISTORIANS will take violent exception to Mrs. Morrow's fine narrative in semi-fiction form of one of the greatest epochs in American history—the Winning of Oregon. I confess the first chapters gave me rather jumpy qualms, where Sir George Simpson, the Governor of Rupert's Land and all the vast territory of the Gentlemen Adventurers of Hudson's Bay, seemed staged as the villain; for I have known the Simpson family all my life and canoed across half the width of the continent with one of their descendants, and have lying in my work room the old ragged lynx skin robe of Colin Fraser, whose father was the piper for Sir George in his terribly swift voyages by canoe from Montreal to the Columbia.

To clear up the historic points first—Oregon was lost to the British (1) because Gray, an American sea captain discovered the Lower Columbia before Vancouver to the infinite chagrin of

Titlepage composed entirely of rules and type ornaments
By Bruce Rogers
From *The Fleuron*, No. IV.

the latter; (2) because McLoughlin, the Chief Factor of Oregon, took definitely from the first the side of the Americans and got himself dismissed with censure from The Company for so doing—as I know very well, having been refused permission by the Company to copy the records in Hudson's Bay House, London, reprimanding McLoughlin for such friendship to poachers in their Oregon Fur Preserve; (3) because when Sir George went home and received his title as told by Mrs. Morrow, he was hurt, chagrined, and profoundly disgusted by the utter indifference and coldness of the British Government to his magnificent plans for grasping California from the Spanish, switching Oregon into a British Pacific Colony, and adding to it Russian Alaska, which was openly for sale; (4) because when the British sent out a characteristic naval martinet—a younger scion of the Aberdeen family—to report on the value of Oregon, the sapient young gentleman reported that "the country was not worth a damn"—a conclusion which old fur traders have told me was the result of personal pique because his bed in Ft. Vancouver was not soft, he couldn't fish salmon with a fly, and when he went deer hunting the deer refused to stand still and be shot; (5) but lastly and most important of all, through Marcus Whitman's efforts the East was aroused to the value of Oregon and the settlers had poured over the mountains in floods and set up American Government, while diplomacy seesawed and might have let Oregon go by default. From the time of Sir George's rebuff by the British Government, orders were given to clean up every bison in Oregon to prevent rival American traders getting them.

There Mrs. Morrow is absolutely correct; and whether Whitman's famous ride saved Oregon or not—let the *savants* dispute. The missionaries and the settlers did; and what England threw away in spite of Simpson's protests, grew into a magnificent Pacific Empire under the Stars and Stripes.

* * *

No better or truer tale has ever been told of these early missionary heroes; and in spite of mushy platitudes to the contrary, Mrs. Morrow's account of first efforts among these missions to convert and lift the Indian is a verisimilitude to life. It is not the work of one life time. It is the work of four generations before results are visible and real. No better account of enthusiasm's first disillusionment, nor finer of the white woman's trials and heartbreaks has ever been penned than the heartbreak of Narcissus Whitman, when she lost her child and knew her husband's hopes were an illusion, and yet sustained him in his life work. There the story is breathless and it is true. I could cite an almost identical case among the Sioux, where by the light of the moon one night on the Missouri, I strayed out to the grave of a little white child and heard a story from mother lips so similar to Narcissus Whitman's, that I know Mrs. Morrow has painted this picture from life.

* * *

When I say the portrayal is magnificent and holds pure story interest to the last page, I can say no more. I have only two criticisms to offer and they are not censure. They are thoughts. First, I think Narcissus Whitman's final martyrdom ought to have been included; but Mrs. Morrow could rightly say the canvas was already too crowded and that she was recounting the heroic epoch not as a personal missionary document but as a proof that these missions, all of which failed tragically, were pawns in the play of a larger destiny to give the country into hands more worthy than the savage assassins who held it. Second, from reading of the Oblate Annals and Jesuit Reports on the Mountain Missions, I do not believe any Catholic ever instigated, abetted, or even suggested the destruction of the Protestant missions. That was such a dangerous game even the fur trader did not dare play it. When white man, drunk or sober, lashes an Indian up to cut white throats, he knows the same knife will cut his own throat. What brought the ultimate catastrophe was not the quarrels of the missionaries among themselves. It was the simple tragic fact, while one set of white men preached the Love of God, another set of white men—the riffraff hangers-on of fur trade and settlement—were practising the debauchery of the Indians with rum and vice and theft of Indian lands. The point of contact between the two races was stronger below the dead line of decency than among such heroes as McLoughlin and the Whitmans and the Spauldings and the Lees; and perhaps it took such massacres as the Whitmans to force the decency of the white man to take hold with a strong hand and clear out the evils in both races. The bedeviling of the whole red race by rival traders' "doped" whiskey—against which the Hudson's Bay set their faces like flint—was the real cause of the hideous chain of tragedy. There again, Mrs. Morrow's narrative is true—white man and Indian, Catholic and Protestant, fur trader and settler, were all factors working to a destiny greater than any dreamed.

The Regent Theatre in London has recently presented "Man and Superman," with the usually omitted third act, "Don Juan in Hell," played in full. This means a six hours' performance, and the business of the evening was started at five o'clock. The whole text of "Man and Superman" has never been played in London before, but Birmingham and Glasgow have both had six-hour sittings in years gone by.

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Byron the Man

BYRON. By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. $5.

LA VIE DE LORD BYRON. By ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL. Paris: Plon. (New York: Brentano.) 1924. $1.20.

Reviewed by SAMUEL C. CHEW
Bryn Mawr College

IT IS one of the many ironies that attach to Byron's fame that the only "full-length" modern biography of the poet written in his own language is by a woman. Miss Mayne's competent, clever, and acute narrative and interpretation of Byron's character and career was first published in 1912. Now she has revised and in part re-written it in the light of the considerable mass of new biographical material which has appeared since that date. To enumerate all the lately published documents of which she has made use is not necessary here; among the most important are the 1921 edition of "Astarte" (which contains letters not published in 1905); Mr. Murray's two volumes of "Lord Byron's Correspondence" (1922) in which is the long series of letters to Lady Melbourne of quite transcendent importance for the final solution of the Byron "problem"; the Countess of Airlie's "In Whig Society" (1921), where there are many letters from Lady Melbourne during the period in which she was Byron's confidante; and "The Journal of Henry Edward Fox" (1924) which sheds light upon the relations of Byron and La Guiccioli. Miss Mayne has revised her account of the poet's final expedition to Greece in the light of Mr. Nicolson's "Byron: The Last Journey" (which she mis-calls "Byron: The Last Phase"); and Mrs. Campbell's "Shelley and the Unromantics" (a very fine book) has caused her to alter her conception of Trelawny with whose character she has no longer the sympathy which she expressed in the first edition of her work.

Miss Mayne has somewhat condensed her narrative so that it now all falls within the compass of a single handsome volume. Revision and condensation have not altered its essential qualities and defects. She introduces literary criticism only incidentally, and though her taste is sound her comments are often somewhat naïve and she makes no attempt to defend her taste on philosophic grounds. As a woman she sees that Byron was unfair to women and perhaps does not realize how often women were unfair to Byron. By contrast she emphasizes the loyalty and frankness of his relations with men. The episode of the Hunt family at Pisa is somewhat of a stumbling-block in this analysis of the poet's character. A far more serious charge against Byron's loyalty and frankness is the suppression of Shelley's letter to the Hoppners, sent in Byron's care. Mr. Edgcumbe some three years ago attempted to prove that Byron *did* forward this famous letter and that it was returned by the Hoppners to him and was hence found later among his papers. Miss Mayne "welcomes the testimony of the broken seal and adherent morsel of paper" as support of the "hope" that we have no longer to believe this "worst thing" against Byron. She is correct, however, in regarding Mr. Edgcumbe's arguments as support for nothing stronger than a hope.

M. Maurois, in his extremely popular biographical romance "Ariel," accepted without question this disgraceful charge against Byron. M. Boutet de Monvel, in his lately published biography, is very sceptical as to the validity of Mr. Edgcumbe's arguments. I mention this as an instance of the difficulty of arriving at conclusions as to the "obscure and disputed points in Byronbiography." Another still more famous problem is perhaps still debatable. In the first edition of her book Miss Mayne "plumped" for the "Astarte" revelations, accepting Lord Lovelace's accusations as proved. She naturally regards certain of the letters in the "Correspondence" of 1922 as further and weighty support to "Astarte." Boutet de Monvel, on the other hand, makes the extraordinary statement that "cette correspondance n'a pas fourni le plus mince argument en faveur de la thèse de lord Lovelace, bien au contraire." In the light of these contradictory asseverations it is but fair to Miss Mayne to note that when the "Correspondence" appeared the present writer, who until then refused to admit (and still refuses to admit) that the documents in "Astarte" proved anything, put on record his conviction that some of the new letters put the accusation against Byron beyond all question. In my book on "Byron in England," in the (as I now think) mistaken endeavor to maintain an attitude of suspended judgment, I stressed the puzzling and contradictory nature of the evidence in the Byron-Leigh case. Puzzles and contradictions there are a-plenty, but the weight of evidence supports the verdict "Guilty." The whole matter should now be allowed to rest and, if possible, be forgotten.

M. Boutet de Monvel's book is a straightforward, amusing, and substantially accurate account of Byron's life. He is a better critic than is Miss Mayne and has interesting things to say about Byron's vogue in France; but for his biography he leans heavily upon her, at times reproducing her very phrases. His is the best French biography of Byron, as hers is, despite certain shortcomings, by far the best in English.

A Remarkable Story

THE MAKING OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. By EDGAR J. GOODSPEED. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1925.

Reviewed by KIRSOPP LAKE
Harvard University

PROFESSOR GOODSPEED has given what was much needed, a readable and accurate statement of the history of the New Testament in English. It is, indeed, a remarkable story. Beginning with Tyndall and going down to the King James's Version it is a story of steady improvement in language and the story could hardly be told better than it is by Professor Goodspeed.

He has, however, omitted one incident which I am sure I have read somewhere though I cannot put my hand on it at the moment. Is it not true that one of the things which helped the speed with which Tyndall produced the second edition of his translation was the opposition of the Bishop of London, who ordered the whole of the first edition to be purchased, so far as was possible, and destroyed? I have always supposed that what happened was that the agent of Tyndall and the agent of the Bishop met, probably in some convenient tavern at Greenwich, and that a sale was completed between the two securing to each a handsome and easy commission and giving both Tyndall and the Bishop what they were desiring, a conclusion so unusual in the history of books that it deserved to be noticed. That the Bishop was in the end somewhat disappointed to find that he had in this way paid for the production of the second edition may have ultimately a little destroyed his satisfaction, but let us hope that his lordship did not understand economics sufficiently to realize what he had done.

Professor Goodspeed is somewhat more friendly towards the Revised Version than I am myself. Certainly the time was come in the nineteenth century for two things. The first was the simplification of the King James's Version by cutting out a good deal of the unnecessary trimming and by printing it in paragraphs instead of by verses. But the translation of the revisers in many cases spoils the English, and the undoubtedly higher degree of accuracy which was reached was not worth the price which was paid for it. The other thing which was called for was a translation into modern English which should make no attempt at preserving the beauty of the old sixteenth century language. That, indeed, was not provided by the revisers, but Professor Goodspeed has done it himself in the translation which he has recently printed. Like every other translation his is probably open to emendation in some details, but in the sense in which a scholar's translation is in many cases the best commentary and tells more to other scholars than any number of notes, he has really given us something which is extremely valuable. It is not a competitor with the King James's Version but it is an addition to knowledge. It is perhaps desirable to say this with a little emphasis because for reasons which can be easily understood, Professor Goodspeed has failed to say enough about the merits of his own work.

A Romantic Travelogue

SUNLIGHT IN NEW GRANADA. By WILLIAM MCFEE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by Edward E. Paramore Jr.

IT WOULD be easy to say that Mr. McFee's new book, "Sunlight in New Granada" was merely an interesting travelogue, done in the conventional Burton Holmes manner, with rhetorical descriptions of scenery, portraits of eccentric characters whose Penates were uprooted without blood and transplanted in an alien soil, and shrewd observations on the modes and mores of a mediæval country beginning to be invaded by the appurtenances of Northern mechanical civilization. But of course it is a great deal more than that, for Mr. McFee sees everything through the eyes of an incurable romantic, and invests every contact with physical beauty and human squalor with a haunting mystery and an inner spirituality, at once elusive and omnipresent. Thus what appears to a white, Protestant Nordic as a pestilential jungle infested with human vermin and only habitable for a white adventurer with an invincible lust for trade, appears to Mr. McFee as the New Granada, the last refuge of the mediæval splendor and glamour created by Simon Bolivar, Cortes, and Quesada.

That Mr. McFee's projection of a romantic mood upon the wattled jungle fastnesses and sinkhole coast towns of Colombia is at violent variance with the facts is beside the point: he admits the outward barbarism of their civilization and argues his case on spiritual demurrer. The peon is not a peon save in raiment (or lack of it) and habit; he is the symbol of an unfathomable spiritual attitude toward life that the ordinary Nordic is incapable of understanding. The "first family" Colombians are not petrified legatees of an ancient and discredited caste system; they too are symbols, symbols of a once glorious Iberian aristocracy, heroic survivors of a better day, ineffectual flowers raising their proud heads among the encroaching weeds of a corrupt Republican government and the blight of foreign commercial intrusion. With all the histology of a backward people, who look with indifference and passive resistence upon the modern forays of the concessionaire, Mr. McFee finds that the Colombians have a recondite inner world in which they really live, an impenetrable and mysterious native character which he infers may be more vital and satisfying than all the gifts of comfort and efficiency that Northern civilization can lavish.

The reason, I suspect, that Mr. McFee is able to spin a web of romance over a country which we would find merely primitive, is that he is by profession a marine engineer, whose daily task is a pure reality discharged in literally mechanical terms. Out of the exigencies of his daily preoccupation with boilers, cylinders, valves, and screws, there must have arisen a need for spiritual compensation in the realms of romance, just as Sir Oliver Lodge's obsession for revealed ghost-lore is probably a compensation-balance for his scientific researches.

"Sunlight in New Granada" is by no means the ordinary dull travelogue of the professional tourist, but is written with all the charm of Mr. McFee's fiction style. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Mr. McFee can write anything else but fiction, so strong is his urge to romanticize even the common facts of daily experience and human intercourse.

The Saturday Review
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The Third Jungle Book

JUNGLE DAYS. By WILLIAM BEEBE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

WILLIAM BEEBE has just published "Jungle Days", climaxing "Jungle Peace" and "On the Edge of the Jungle." "Voices almost high enough to become visible; comedy so delicate that appreciation never reaches laughter, and tragedy so cruel and ruthless that it stirs doubts of the very roots of things," all these he finds in his jungle. To him there is no interest so intense as that aroused by the lives of the dwellers in that little cosmos of time and space, from the vast etabelli tree, which was three hundred years old when Columbus discovered a new world, down to the invisible parasitic worms found inside of the tiny thrips who live under the bark of the fallen tree.

In fact, perhaps the only criticism the general reader may have to make of Beebe's writings comes from the fact that he is by nature and choice a microscopist, a painter of miniatures, and as such lacks the perspective on which ordinary observations depend. To him an opalina, that microscopic being which he discovered in the intestines of a jungle-frog, is more important than the grim anaconda which dragged its mighty length past him one night when he was watching on the beach. When once he can be persuaded to leave Liliput, no writer of today can better depict the lives of the jungle-folk than William Beebe in words whose cadence and color make the reading of them a delight.

To me in this book, as in all of his, there are certain bits over which I like to linger. Of such is the passage where he tells of creeping out of Cheops by the ancient, choked robbers' entrance where sharp bits of alabaster held him motionless and he pictured the whole vast weight of that mighty pyramid as pressing down upon him.

Another is in the chapter called "Falling Leaves" where he writes of creeping through the jungle to solve a new bird-call when some sudden, unexplained instinct made him examine the ground closely just beneath his upraised foot. There in a trap of death lay coiled a great fer-de-lance mimicking the brown leaves of the forest floor and not twelve inches from his upraised foot. Being a scientist, Beebe set himself to solve the cause of this instinct which again and again had warned him of the presence of a snake in the jungle and found that it was the faint unpleasant odor of musk, which his nostrils had caught subconsciously, that had saved his life.

The chapter on those old-time people, the monkey-folk, who like us humans fought their way up against the eternal pull of earth, is recommended to all fundamentalists who believe that the use of the reasoning faculties of the human race should be prohibited by law. Other high lights are the languid loves of that jungle-moron, the sloth, and the fight to the death between the spectacled owl and the young anaconda—but of selecting passages there is no end.

Tories and Patriots

(*Continued from page* 253)

dramatic figure in the Revolution is not the honest American Tory. Before 1776 all but malcontents were of his belief that armed rebellion was not the proper course. He held fast, when the others, carried by the logic of events, went on to what must have been, outside of New York and Philadelphia, the easier decision. If he loved his country he stuck it out in his own community, until he was broken for life or forced into exile in Nova Scotia or the Bahamas. And he had other attributes which should make him popular with the safe and sane Americans who have descended from his persecutors. He did not approve of what they would call Bolshevism, he believed in the sanctity of property and constituted government. He thought that political unrest hurt business. For such ideas he was deported with violence. As Crèvecoeur depicts him, he seems, one must admit, a more desirable citizen than some who have taken his place.

*Edited by Henri L. Bourdin, Ralph H. Gabriel, and Stanley T. Williams, New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. $4.

**Edited by Jonathan Boucher, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1925. $6.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Glasgow Passage

R. M. S. *TRANSYLVANIA*, AT SEA

TAKING a bath at the Central Hotel, Glasgow, I had a feeling of being already at sea. For in a Glasgow bathroom you find yourself among the specially large and sturdy plumbing, deep enormous tubs and brass taps, so familiar to all travellers in the Clyde-built ships. To read the name of *Shanks and Co., Barrhead*, written in a bathtub, has always been part of the flavor of sea-adventure; how often, simmering deep in hot slanting brine, I have hummed small private madrigals in honor of Messrs. Shanks.

It would take a number of pages justly to describe the various excitements of making one's first passage from Glasgow. The journey from Euston, eight happy hours in what must be one of the world's most comfortable trains, would be a theme by itself. It was odd that of all the named engines on the London, Midland, and Scottish line, I saw (in the yards at Crewe) the one that would give me the most surprise—an engine called *Charles Lamb*. The express that leaves Euston at 10 A. M. is timed (in October, anyhow) so that you get your glimpse of the Westmorland hills in the full shine of afternoon. Be sure to look out for the two pretty girls sitting on a stone bridge near Grayrigg; you pass them about 3:15. Then, after the very Long-Islandish country north of Carlisle, where just casually your eye catches little stations called Gretna and Lockerbie, you meet the first sunset shadows in the folds of Annandale. You'll not be wasting time drinking tea in the restaurant car; it's my guess you'll be standing in the corridor watching those lovely bare ridges, bronze as Roman helmets in honeyed light; sifted with opal in the rough ravines. And if you're a lover of differentials in language, the first thing you'll mark at the Central Station in Glasgow is the sign *"Passengers Are Requested to Shew Their Tickets."*

* * *

Certainly philologists should always make the Glasgow passage; words that are strange and yet anciently familiar are like toys for you to play with all the way over. "Bute Hall," said one, showing me the Glasgow University by starlight. "Lord Bute?" I asked. "Aye, he gifted it." Going down to Greenock, where we boarded *Transylvania*, how pleasant to see the sign *Ground to Feu*. Speaking of calling us in the morning, "I'll just give you a chap on the door at 8 o'clock" said the steward. And the Chief Engineer, in one of those midday cracks after the Captain has sent word from the bridge that "the sun's over the foreyard," was telling of fishing for octopus. It's not bad meat if you don't know what it is, was the gist of his comment; "but if ye know, ye kind o' grue at it." There is some lively etymology to be taken in at every turn. Walking on the boat deck, under the three black funnels, where that fine soupy whiff comes up the galley ventilator and sharpens the appetite, I found a small faucet marked *Boats' Breakers*. Why, one might well ponder, is a lifeboat's water keg always called a *breaker*? The Captain, who could outskeat many a college Ph.D in his knowledge of words, told me why. It's really *barreca*, Spanish for a small cask. This pleased me, as I already knew the French *barrique*. There is no lingo so savory as that of ships and charts. Even Cape Race, that ill-favored coast which masters give a generous offing in foul weather, the Captain secretly relishes for being the tip of the Avalon Peninsula. Of the names on the Newfoundland chart I liked specially Random Sound: it seems to carry the indignant voice of perplexed old mariners. Pinchgut Tickle is another name I remember on that chart. It was Joseph Conrad, in a little essay not yet (I think) collected in his volumes, who praised the kind of writing found in Notices to Mariners and other sea-memoranda of that sort, where a lack of precision in the text may mean life or death.

* * *

We were not less lucky than John Burroughs in our hap of weather. The Clyde, as he noted long ago in "Fresh Fields," is the finest of all approaches to Britain; when we went down the firth on a transparent October afternoon it was at its best, reminding me of a grander Lake George. Glasgow has not been very skilful in letting the larger world know the magnificence of her noble waterway. We are all aware that she is a great shipbuilding city, but somehow we do not realize that she is approached by a winding strait among purple mountains that is surely among earth's finest picturesques. To an eye wonted to Long Island levels the fells and laws seem unexpectedly high and bluff. Goat Fell runs close upon 3000 feet; Ailsa Craig sheers up 1100 feet in one steep lump. As you glide so smoothly by the openings of a dozen lochs and sounds, each bending in among the unspoiled hills, or look over into the green apron of Ayrshire, it seems preposterous to leave this magic region barely glimpsed. I wonder if any other great manufacturing town has such fairylands at its door. By the time you have dropped the Mull of Kintyre, and Scotland fades, Rathlin Island (where the Bruce studied spiders) is in sight. It is too dark to see the Giants' Causeway, but even so to note near-by on the map such minstrel names as Coleraine and Limavady—yes, and Bushmills—gives a pensive pleasure. Off Moville the tender comes down from Derry with Irish emigrants to board the ship, a fiddler playing reels to keep their hearts up. It's a longish trip from Derry in the tender, and I imagine there may well be sore hearts among them; though some who come to see them off have much drink taken and are in very lyric mood. But the eldritch voice of the ship's whistle, as she gives the tender a final salute, seems almost a refinement of cruelty. It is so very definite. But it is part of the "drill," as our Scottish friends term any manner of rite; and at sea that is all-important. At Moville I received an Irish telegram, in a bright green envelope. The official notations on the form were all in Irish, beginning *Telegrafa an Phuist*, which somehow brightly conveys a suggestion of swift urgency.

* * *

Then, for a week, you are drowned in vacancy. What British weather-reports always call an "anticyclone" (not, as anxious females sometimes imagine, a specially violent kind of cyclone; but a period of prevailing high barometer) was with us; day after day of fresh breezy blue. A caller air, as one Scot called it. And you move in the slow and yet regularly measured circle of shipboard hours, aware of Time only in the same vague accepting way that one is aware of the surrounding sea. Almost with incredulity you read, a week later, that "Heavy baggage must be ready to be removed by 8 p. m." and they tell you that Nantucket Light Vessel will be "made" that afternoon. There were few passengers in the first cabin, and it seemed curiously like a house-party at some large country mansion. It would be true to say that the most exciting single event of the week (barring, of course, the little meetings when the Captain and the Chief talked unpublishably of the queer ways of the sea) was the night I had a vile cold. A kindly passenger gave me tablets of aspirin and phenacetin to take in the evening hot toddy. Later, as I lay gently tilting and steaming in my berth, I woke from marvellous dreams—dreams of half-apprehended glamour and magic; visions that drift away like smoke in moonlight but still leave behind them an uneasy suspicion of merriments and pangs beyond the humdrum of this daily plod. It was the kind of hypnotics most teasing of all: a dim continuation of something dreamed once before. I suppose that if it were not for the greatest peril of the sea (which is overeating) one might have more of these lovely clairvoyances on board ship. If only the steamship companies didn't feed one so well and so often, if one had the austerity to live for a week on toast and bovril and hot toddy, what golden fables might result.

And tomorrow morning we shall sight Liberty again. There's nothing so wholesome as to hear the little jokes people in other lands make about one's own country. A story now current on the other side is of a Frenchman making his first visit to America; and as he came up New York Bay an American pointed out the Statue of Liberty.

"Yes," said the Frenchman, "we do that too."

The American was puzzled. "Do what?"

"Put up statues to our dead."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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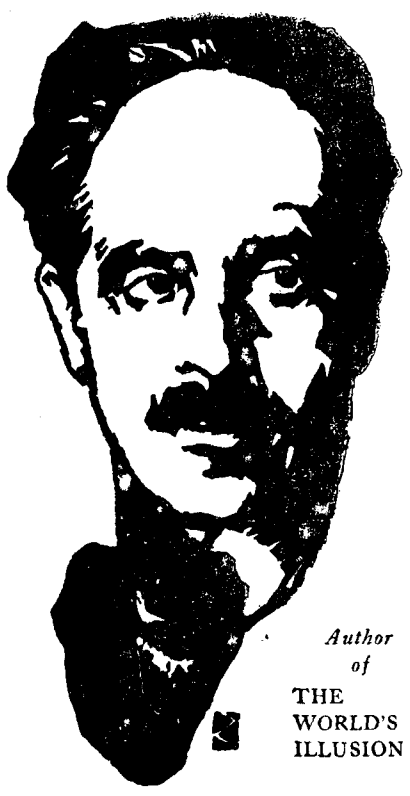

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Books of Special Interest

British Drama

THE CHIEF BRITISH DRAMATISTS. Edited by BRANDER MATTHEWS and PAUL ROBERT LIEDER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1925. $5.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

THE compilers of this volume, whose names are a sufficient guarantee of their competency, may be said to have fairly accomplished their main purpose, which was to illustrate in brief compass the various stages of development in English dramatic literature from the Middle Ages to the close of the nineteenth century. Considering the limits of the space within which they were arbitrarily confined it was almost unnecessary for them, in their preface, to give a list of their unavoidable omissions. That their collection of plays, twenty-five in number, has been, as they say, very severely sifted, is obvious enough, but the operation has been conducted, on the whole, with notable shrewdness and judgment. And formidable, at first sight, as is the array of rejected authors, some of them of no little eminence, it may be remarked that the works of many of them are—for the ordinary reader at any rate—more curious than valuable as specimens either of drama or literature. Moreover the editors very wisely simplified their task, and forestalled possible objections by giving the preference to those plays which, in actual representation, had enjoyed the greatest and most enduring popularity. And this, after all, is no bad criterion to go by. In the theatre the sustained verdict of the mass is the surest foundation of fame. And it is well also to remember that the dramas, declared by critical intelligence to be the greatest of all time, have ever been the chief favorites of the general public.

This particular dramatic anthology is superior to many others because of the care that has been taken, in each instance, to secure the most authoritative text. On this account, notwithstanding its piece-meal character, it may be commended to the enthusiastic and conscientious student as well as to the less precise and fastidious reader. And most, if not all of the pieces selected—individual opinions may differ on this point—are generally conceded to be among the finest achievements of their respective creators. To discuss their merits seriatim at this time is neither possible nor needful. Whether even a careful perusal of them, as the editors fondly hope, will enable the average student to note the processes of dramatic evolution during the last four centuries, and the causes of them, may be doubtful, but he should at least be able to perceive the striking changes that have occurred in the literary quality, the methods of construction, the power of characterization and the use of imagination. The present writer is not inclined to think that the size or shape of the theatres or the personality of the actors had very much to do with any of them. That, however, is another matter.

In addition to an introductory chapter on ancient and modern theatres in England, which is interesting although it contains nothing new, this volume, which with its admirable print and thin but not transparent paper, is a fair example of modern bookmaking, offers, in its thousand pages, a rich choice of varied drama, from the Bome Abraham and Isaac down to "The Liars" of Henry Arthur James. Here are famous works of Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Massinger, Wycherley, Dryden, Olway, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Sheridan, and other classics, and several of the more illustrious moderns. The whole makes a rich and varied feast. It seems a pity that room could not have been found for Tennyson's "Becket," although, to be sure, that could not be counted among the long lived plays of its era. This solid and useful book is completed by an index containing notes on the plays and their authors, an index to characters and a reading list in the chief British dramatists.

Three Little Tree Books

A GUIDE TO THE TREES. By CARLTON C. CURTIS. New York: Greenberg. 1925. $1.50.

THE GIANT SEQUOIA. By R. S. ELLSWORTH. Oakland, Calif.: J. D. Berger. 1924.

THE FOREST GIANT. By ADRIEN LECORBEAU. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by NORMAN TAYLOR
Brooklyn Botanic Garden

AMATEUR tree lovers and the immensely increased number of walkers will find Professor Curtis's book an invaluable little guide to our native trees. There are pictures of most of the kinds, and the author has found it necessary to use only a few of the terms which have driven many from more technical and exhaustive works. Not since Thompson-Seton's "Foresters' Manual" for boy scouts, has there been such a judicious sifting of the unimportant and a thoroughly successful selection of the significant in tree identification. The book is wholly without literary style, unless it be the essence of style to crowd as much information into a small space as possible. Nearly all of this is correct, but experts will bemoan the inclusion of a few persistent old errors that have been carried through generations of tree books. But as the book is not for experts, it is a genuine pleasure to record the fact that no recent guide to our native trees should prove so satisfactory to amateurs as this one. It is thin and will slip into the pocket.

While Professor Curtis's book deals with the trees of northeastern America, both the other volumes have to do with a single species of conifer—the giant Sequoia—now confined to California. The ancient range of this now relict species was so extensive the fossil remains of it are common in many parts of the world.

The immense antiquity of Sequoia, stretching from the days of the dinosaurs to the present, has fired the enthusiasm of professional botanists from Asa Gray to dozens of lesser students of today. Paleobotanists, geologists, and various climatologists have wrung from its past history, and from these relict survivors in the Sierra Nevada, a story of almost incredible interest, a veritable drama of tree history.

Neither of the present volumes makes any pretense of adding to that story, both are frankly appreciations of its significance. Mr. Ellsworth's is more inclusive as to information than the Frenchman's book, but as a literary work it is as the writing of an enthusiastic sophomore against a master. Who Adrien LeCorbeau may be is wholly unknown to the average American reader, and the reviewer confesses never to have heard of him until recently. He has produced a little masterpiece of descriptive nature writing. Nothing since Maeterlinck's "Intelligence of the Flowers" has so caught the beauty and drama of plant life. Holes could easily be picked in some of his statements, but no scientist who lacks the magic of this author should pick them. It is doubtful if the general reader will retain one really significant error, such, for instance, as referring to the Sequoia as giant pines. But no one can finish this little book without capturing through the magic of the author's prose, some of the beauty and majesty of Sequoia.

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The Scottish Renaissance

By EDWIN MUIR

It is known only to a few people in England and probably not suspected in America at all, that for about three years there has existed what has been termed a Scottish Renaissance. The beginnings of all movements are obscure; they only attain that burst of splendor which convinces the cultivated public after they have struggled on against opinion, against all reason, through a long and painful apprenticeship. In a renaissance has been published. It is "Sangschaw," by Mr. Hugh M'Diarmid. It is written in Scots, and it has the best of justifications; it is perfectly original. That is to say, it could have been written by no one but Mr. M'Diarmid, by no poet of any nationality other than the Scottish, and in no language save that language. It is even more unlike contemporary English poetry than that of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell, and it is as little as theirs parochial. Mr. M'Diarmid's intellectual competence cannot be gainsaid, nor his modernity, to use an awkward but necessary word. He is by no means a mere dialect poet, a successor of the host of sentimental rhymers who have written in all the dialects of Scots because they have not known any other language. He has chosen Scots, rather, as a serious vehicle for all that a writer may desire to express. He has partly chosen it, partly created it; for the language he uses is one derived from all the Scots dialects, a composite language. To experiment with speech in this wholesale way was hazardous; yet in the present state of Scottish letters it was necessary. There is an essential difference between literary language and spoken language; we can use naturally in poetry, for instance, words which in everyday speech would sound artificial. But in Scottish poetry since the time of Burns (whose Scots was really artificial, a composite language, like Mr. M'Diarmid's) there has been no literary language; the speech which the dialect poet, the village bard, has used for poetry has been the same which his neighbors used every day; and it is this primal limitation which has made his utterance invariably provincial: he has had no language for the order of experience with which poetry is chiefly concerned. There has been no Scottish literary instrument for over a century, no larger speech transcending the bounds of everyday speech, and capable of dealing with every variety of experience. In combining the riches of all the dialects and in using them purely with an eye for their literary values Mr. M'Diarmid has created for himself such a language. This language has not yet been tested on a grand scale, but to the extent to which it is used in this volume it is an adequate, natural, and original vehicle for what Mr. M'Diarmid has to say. This may turn out to be a fact of great importance for Scottish letters, if one may talk of an entity which at the moment scarcely exists. For if a Scottish literary language is possible then a Scottish literature is possible too.

The idea of a Scottish literary revival was first publicly advanced by Mr. M'Diarmid's friend and colleague, Mr. C. M. Grieve, about three years ago. It was associated at first in *The Scottish Nation*, a weekly journal, with a political policy of Home Rule for Scotland. *The Scottish Nation* was short-lived; the writers whom Mr. Grieve expected to arrive did not appear, and the public was cold. *The Scottish Chapbook*, a monthly miscellany of Scottish poetry, ran the same course and had to be discontinued at the same time. It was in the main very poor, and decisively below the level of even the worst English reviews; but it was redeemed by the occasional appearance of Mr. Grieve's prose, of poems by Mr. M'Diarmid, and of various contributions by Mr. G. R. Malloch. These represent thus far the net literary achievement of the Renaissance; other writers have appeared, but their performance has been no more than respectable, and often scarcely that. Of these three writers Mr. M'Diarmid is, I think, easily the most important, as he has been the last to emerge. The only other figure of equal importance in the movement is the composer, Mr. F. G. Scott, who is attempting to do for his branch of art what Mr. M'Diarmid is trying to do for poetry. Mr. Scott's music has force, originality, wit, form; it is modern in technique, and Scottish in idiom; and it has an emphatic charm which is to be found in no other music written in the British Isles. It is as unlike contemporary English music, in other words, as Mr. M'Diarmid's poetry is unlike contemporary English poetry.

The renaissance has crystallized thus far, then, in Mr. Scott and Mr. M'Diarmid. Here I am concerned only with the latter. If Mr. M'Diarmid is the representative contemporary Scottish poet, how does his poetry compare with the English poetry of our time?

For purely descriptive purposes Mr. M'Diarmid's poems may be divided under four headings: the decorative, the mystical, the descriptive (*genre* pieces), and, most characteristic, perhaps, the curiously reflective. These divisions are not, of course, definite; the decorative poems are sometimes touched with mysticism, the decorative and descriptive alike are seldom entirely without a flash of the author's almost eccentric thought. One of the best of the decorative poems is this:

Mars is braw in crammasy,
Venus in a green silk gown,
The auld mune shak's her gowden feathers,
Their starry talk's a wheen o' blethers,
Nane for thee a thochtie sparin',
Earth, thou bonnie broukit bairn!
—But greet, an' in your tears ye'll drown
The haill clanjamfrie!

This poem is strangely felicitous; the mood, a fleeting one, is perfectly rendered; but Mr. M'Diarmid is more characteristic and I think more incontestably a poet in poems such as "Country Life:"

Ootside! . . . Ootside!
There's dooks that try tae fly
An' bum-clocks bizzin' by,
A corn-skriech an' a cay
An' guissay i' the cray.
Inside! . . . Inside!
There's golochs on the wa',
A craidle on the ca',
A muckle bleeze o' cones,
An' mither fochin' scones.

(It should be explained that bum-clocks are beetles, that guissay is pig, a goloch a cockroach, and so on.) Here it is an almost fantastic economy, a crazy economy which has the effect of humor and yet conveys a kind of horror, which makes this poem so original and so truly Scottish. It is a pure inspiration; nothing could be better of its kind, and the kind is rare. This vision is profoundly alien to the spirit of English poetry; the thing which resembles it most, outside other Scottish poetry, is perhaps the poetry of Villon. It is the product of a realistic, or more exactly a materialistic, imagination, which seizing upon everyday reality shows not the strange beauty which that sometimes takes on, but rather the beauty which it possesses normally and in use. There is in this perception of beauty less magic and less exaltation than in that of romantic poetry; but on the other hand it has more toughness, vigor, and fulness. The romantic note is of course often heard in Scottish poetry, and with supreme force in the Ballads, but it is this other note that is most essentially Scottish; it is this that sets aside the Ballads, the poetry of the Makars and of Burns, the prose of Carlyle and George Douglas, from the literatures of all other peoples, and gives these nationality and character. It is this note, too, that peculiarly characterizes Mr. M'Diarmid's poems.

How, then, does Mr. M'Diarmid compare with his English contemporaries? In curious speculation and half-fantastic thought he is certainly as original as Mr. Graves; his descriptions are more economical and, I think, more vivid than Mr. Blunden's, and his mysticism more organic with his general mood than Mr. de la Mare's. In the *quality* of his work he is not unworthy to be compared with these poets; but the question is whether he has a power, like theirs, of sustained imagination. This has still to be seen. Each of these poems is a single flash, vivid but brief. We wait for the further volume which will establish Mr. M'Diarmid's title to our most serious attention.

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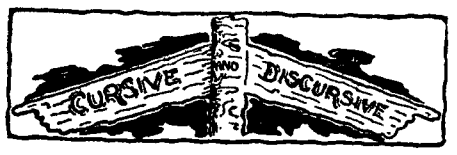

Ode to a Few Books

OH THE po-ems of *Miss Proctor* who was born in '29
Now re-issued lie before us; how they breathe of *auld lang syne!*
Shenandoah, Mississippi, and the brimming Contoocook,
Holy Russia, Mount Tacoma, all are chanted in this book.
Here are incas, here are angels, here New Hampshire's pine and fir,
Here are Cleobis and Biton (You remember who *they* were!),
Here a life of lights and shadows, here devout religion lurks,
In the po-ems of Miss Proctor—her "Complete Poetical Works."
She sings of an ancient people
In pueblos near to the sky,
Of "the lordly bison with his herds;
Coyote swift and sly",
She should have pronounced it kyote
As *John G. Neihardt* doth,—
Which reminds us of *Colonel Homer Wheeler*
Whose volume appeals to uth.
His volume's title is "Buffalo Days"
And full of Indian fights;
We prefer it to Miss Proctor's lays.
It made us sit up nights.
And turning away from it
To a very different volum',
We find not a little versified wit
In *Preston's* "Top o' The Column";
Then "the cymbals whang
And the kettledrums bang"
As we open *Vachel Lindsay's*
Unlimited harangue
Lavish of material for half a hundred tomes,
With drawings by the author,—in "Collected Pomes."
But *Achmed Abdullah*
Also has cullah
In "The Swinging Caravan;"
He explains the East,
Both man and beast,
In a book it is hard to pan;
Yet with sensitive face
We turn for cheer
To *Dick Lovelace*
The Cavalier;
"The Cavalier Spirit" is all about him;
What would poetry do without him?
How would King Charles's time appear
Reft of Lovelace, the Cavalier?
Chesterton probably wouldn't
Agree with us, we know,—
For here he comes (as he shouldn't)
Drawing his longest bow;
We find his stories a trifle brittle;
He's a little *too* crazy,—just a little!
Therefore it seems the fantasy's less wearing
In these "Dead Letters" penned by *Maurice Baring*;
Here's Nero interviewed, and Messalina
Looking more human than we've ever seen her;
And let a short laudation now
Be parcelled out to *Alpha of the Plough*
For "Many Furrows." Here is pleasant writing
Besprent with decorations most inviting;
Oh dear!
So many books are here;
When we began this Ode
We hardly knowed
How many books there weer!
Nevertheless, though you *may* think it minor,
Take a squint at *James Scherer's* "The First Forty-Niner."
It tells of Sam Brannan and his picturesque fate
From the time he sailed his Mormons through the Golden Gate;
And here's a book of poems in which we suspect
Considerable talent—"Those Not Elect,"
By *Léonie Adams*, a good gal poet;
And "The Forge in the Forest," though you may not know it,
Is the most romantic of juveniles by *Colum*.
"The Neuroses of the Nations" is much more solemn,
(*For fuller description see back of wrapper*)
And *isn't* there another book by "Sapper?"
If there only were, how pat it would come 'nd
Furnish us a rhyme and a Bulldog Drummond!
Instead of which we must point out how
This brand-new novel by *Ruth Suckow*
Probably merits your attention.
And "The Elder Sister" is a fine invention
By *Swinnerton*. . .
Ah God!
Our lines are lame;
We are not now as erst when erst we trod
The echoing parapets of fame
And used our "erst" and "o'er";
What we did then we do no more,
And what we're doing now
That winter comes and days are rarely warmer
Is (and the book's by *Howe*)
To read "Confessions of a Reformer;"
(Call it con-fess-i-owns
In real robustious tones
And thus you make the metre!)
What, on the other hand, could be much sweeter
Than *Edith Wharton's* "In Morocco."
She never seeks to shock; Oh,
She never sheiks, nor shrieks of gore;
The Harem of Abd-el-Kader
A simple harem is to her
And it is nothing more.
Thus do our chances
Of writing mighty verse wax little fatter;
"Wagnerian Romances"
By *Gertrude Hall* is praised by *Willa Cather*.
(When Willa Cather praise
One of our lays!)
And "Hagar's Hoard"
By one *George Kibbe Turner*
Full fatly doth afford
A chance for *Hergesheimer*
(Whose name's a satisfaction to the rhymer!)
In its malarial topic to discern a
Tremendous novel.
We'll take it to our hovel
And read it through. Indeed it looks
Amazing, as it orter;
It's one of the Borzoi Pocket Books
At a dollar and a quarter. . .
So doth our anthem fade
We think we have outstayed
Our "welcome while"
As *Coleridge* put it aptly.
We've contemplated raptly
Much literachure, and sullen
Hath sunk our soaring strain.
One book of poems by *Countée Cullen*
Doth remain. . .
'Tis good, 'tis better than the most can do;
And so, Oh patient friends, a long farewell to you!

W. R. B.

Foreign Notes

THE National Library Bill of Scotland has become a law and Scottish people now possess a national library, the third finest in Great Britain. The British Museum and the Bodleian Library at Oxford alone surpass it. The library contains 750,000 books, not including manuscripts, maps, and music. This priceless collection was owned by the Faculty of Advocates, who, in 1922, offered the library as a free gift to the nation. The Scotland Library Endowment Trust was set up and donations invited. This famous library was founded in the time of Charles II, and as the faculty has taken a leading part in the life of the nation, the one has grown with the other. An act of Queen Anne's time gave the library the right to claim a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall. The library is a mine of wealth to the historian. It contains the charters of the Scottish kings, and other historical material concerning the Scottish people of priceless value.

Edouard Schneider, who wrote the recent book on Eleanora Duse which made such a favorable impression, is editing for the publisher, Bernard Grasset, a new series on "Les Grands Ordres Monastiques." Each volume will be devoted to one of the great brotherhoods, Carmelites, Franciscans, Trappists, etc. M. Schneider's own work, "Les Heures Bénédictines," which had been out of print forms the initial volume, being a new edition to which the author has joined a life of St. Benoit, founder of this order. The publisher is encouraged to undertake the series, partly by the great success of Emile Baumann's "Saint Paul."

In his "Storia del Regno di Napoli" (Bari: Laterza), Benedetto Croce begins with the Normans and ends with the disappearance of the Kingdom of Naples in 1860. Signor Croce adheres closely to the main thread of his discussion in his narrative, introducing considerable character portrayal and philosophical speculation, but not digressing in the historical chronicle.

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—*Berliner Borsenzeitung*

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The New Books

Books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

CRACKERBOX PHILOSOPHERS. By JENNETTE TANDY. New York: Columbia University Press. 1925. $2.50.

In this one of the Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature, Jennette Tandy, Ph.D. treats of the homely American, the folk-hero, the unlettered philosopher as presented in a large and definite section of American literature, from the days of Smith, Davis, and Haliburton to those of Mr. Dooley, Abe Martin, and Don Marquis. Of course the Bigelow Papers, Bill Arp, and Petroleum V. Nasby, Artemus Ward, and Josh Billings have chapters allotted them. A discussion of early Yankee literature begins the book by figuring forth the Comic Yankee who survives in the national character of Uncle Sam. And the book throughout is supplied with valuable bibliographies. Many now forgotten authors and compilers are discussed, such as Johnson Jones Hooper and William Trotter Porter. The material available is thoroughly sifted, the interpolated selections well chosen. The book is a most interesting footnote to American Literature.

THE ART OF DESCRIPTION. By MARJORIE H. NICOLSON. Crofts. 1925.

This is a text-book of unusual merit, good from beginning to end. The selections constitute a readable volume in themselves, containing, in addition to the classic passages from Ruskin, Pater, Stevenson, etc., many examples from such contemporary writers as Henry Adams, Amy Lowell, Christopher Morley, or Sheila Kaye-Smith. A quotation from the preface will indicate why the author has been able to make an interesting text-book for what is, as usually taught, the most barren course in the whole college curriculum: "Description is not that artificial thing—a "form of discourse"; it is one of several moods or attitudes of mind through which a writer or speaker, who has found his world interesting, beautiful, ugly, or effective, endeavors to transfer to others his pleasure or his interest in that world."

OTHER PROVINCES. By CARL VAN DOREN. Knopf. 1925.

Not content with his multitudinous labors as critic, translator, and editor, Mr. Van Doren now enters another field with this volume of character sketches. He is still concerned with criticism, or rather appreciation, but appreciation of life direct instead of life through literature. The tone of the book is quiet and unassuming, there is an avoidance of tragic or sensational issues, the author selecting characters little if at all above the average, and dwelling by preference on the very young or the very old whose lives in the nature of things are neither tragic nor sensational. The work comes as one more protest against the hectic unreason of contemporary life. Perhaps the most delightful thing in it is the sketch of "The Last Heretic", supposed to be written in 1970, thirty years after Fundamentalism, Nationalism, and the Censorship have been finally established by the Inquisition of 1940. Doubtless the protest, like others, will be unheeded, but that is no reason for its not being made. In any case the book will at least be read by all those who are interested in Mr. Van Doren, and that, fortunately, is a very large number.

AMERICANA. By *Milton Waldman*. Holt. $5.
THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE. By *John Macy*. Boni & Liveright. $5.
KEATS AND SHAKESPEARE. By *J. Middleton Murry*. Oxford University Press. $1.75 net.
RUMINATIONS. By *Arthur McDowell*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
OLD FLAMES FOR NEW. By *Claude Bragdon*. Knopf. $3 net.
SHAW. By *J. S. Collis*. Knopf.
A NEW SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Benjamin Brawley*. Knopf. $3.50 net.
THE LOVE OF BOOKS: THE PHILOBIBLON OF RICHARD DE BURY. Translated by *E. C. Thomas*. Oxford. $1.85 net.
HUMANISM AND TYRANNY. By *Ephraim Emerton*. Harvard University Press. $4.
THE EARLIER AND LATER FORMS OF PETRARCH'S CANZONIERE. By *Ruth Shepard Phelps*. University of Chicago Press. $3.
THE [illegible] OF AN OPTIMIST. By *Florence* [illegible]. Doran. $2 net.

Biography

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON. By JOHN [illegible] PEYTER. Century. 1925. $5.

Dr. Huntington left behind him a lasting reputation as the rector of Grace church in New York, and as one broadly known but perhaps more [illegible] as a worker for church unity. He had the gift of verse, but exercised it seldom, before no great audience; and he had little proclivity for the writing of books, or for hitching his wagon to picturesque and popular causes. There is consequently a great deal of him for the biographer to perpetuate, and even to bring to light. Dr. Suter has appreciated the somewhat Holmes-like charm of the Huntington letters, and has introduced a fair abundance of them, rich in genial, kindly, and deft comment on no end of topics. He has put in his book a few examples of Dr. Huntington's verse, some light and genuinely sparkling, others expressive of serious sentiment, and expressive also, of the New England reticence that somewhat veiled their author's alert and sentiment spirit. Dr. Huntington was a clergyman's clergyman, a power in his church, and an influence even in others. Much of the book has to do with his activity in church congresses and conventions, and must particularly interest the narrower circle of those with abiding clerical interests. But the man, too, is revealed, and to a degree, since he had not the gift or fancy for self display, that can hardly have been possible in his lifetime.

HESKETH PRICHARD. By ERIC PARKER. Dutton. 1925. $5.

Not infrequently there appears a big biography of a little man, a biography as puffy and ephemeral as an October mushroom; but it serves to bolster the memory of the departed. Less often, unfortunately, we find a little biography of a great man; such a one is this. Through the judicious choice of his material Mr. Parker has woven, in effect, an autobiography, for Hesketh Prichard was an indefatigable and colorful letter writer, and it is from this wealth of material that the small volume is drawn.

As a lad of nineteen Hesketh Prichard started a career of travel and writing by a trip through Spain and Morocco. At twenty he was in Panama and a regular contributor to the *Pall Mall*, the *Strand*, the *Cornhill*, and *Pearson's* magazines. At twenty-two he undertook an expedition alone across Haiti and succeeded in being the first white man to cross the island in a hundred years. At twenty-four he led a search through Patagonia for the prehistoric mylodon. He hunted caribou in Newfoundland and Canada, and seal in Norway. And in the intervals he had the time to collaborate with his mother under the names of "E. and H. Heron" in creating such characters as Don Q and Count Karadac.

Among his personal friends were such men as Roosevelt, Conan Doyle, Barrie, Galsworthy, Selous, Sir Harry Johnston. As a hunter and naturalist he fought for the passage of the Plumage Bill in England and was ultimately successful.

And then came the Great War and he turned his knowledge of hunting and experience of woodcraft to the establishing of a school of sniping in France where, under his personal supervision, officers from all the Allied Armies were given instruction. And when he was given the Military Cross, it was accompanied with the following citation, "This officer has been responsible for more German casualties than any other officer in the Army."

In 1922 Hesketh Prichard died.

This is not an important biography, too many good things are unimportant. But whoever reads it will be satisfied in having made a contact with a gentleman.

SIX PRISONS AND REVOLUTIONS. By *Oliver Baldwin*. Doubleday, Page. $3 net.
MY LIFE AS AN EXPLORER. By *Sven Hedin*. Boni & Liveright. $5.
ONE MAN'S LIFE. By *Herbert Quick*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.
AARON BURR. By *Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnigerode*. Putname. 2 vols. $10.
IF I KNOW WHAT I MEAN. By *Elsie Janis*. Putnam. $1.75.
RENOIR. By *Ambrose Vollard*. Knopf. $3 net.
FORTY YEARS OF IT. By *Brand Whitlock*. Appleton. $2.50.
MARGARET BOURDFIELD. By *Iconoclast*. Seltzer. $2.
THE LETTERS OF PAVLOVITCH TCHEKHOV TO OLGA LEONARDOVNA KNIPPER. Translated by *Constance Garnett*. Doran. $6 net.
THE LATER CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL. Edited by *G. P. Gooch*. Longmans, Green. $10.50.
SELECTED LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB. Edited by *G. T. Chapman*. Doran. $3 net.
"PARSON PRIMROSE." By *R. W. King*. Doran. $6 net.
THE FIRST FORTY-NINER. By *James A. B. Scherer*. Morton. Balch. $1.50.
THE CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMER. By *Frederic C. Howe*. Scribners. $3.
WIVES. By *Gamaliel Bradford*. Harpers. $3.50.

(continued on next page)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

THE WAY OF THE WILD. By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS. Minton, Balch. 1925. $5.

In a foreword, Mr. Sass defends the nature story. It has interested thousands in "the wild folk." And it is often the truest picture of their lives, which are full of unseen drama that the "careful naturalist's" record cannot picture.

With his second point most of these stories of his own are at odds. They are romantic; three of them are avowedly Cherokee legends. The animals are not metamorphosed humans, but the main drama does not purport to be such as would naturally fill their lives, unseen; man always witnesses some of it, generally occasions it, sometimes participates in it. In one story, a duck hawk ("Cloud King, the peregrine"—Mr. Sass runs to that style) knocks down a loon (an improbable exile in the region) savingly close to a fox on which a hunter is drawing a bead. In another, a hunter's shots cripple an eagle, a fox, and a blue heron, which find themselves starving together on a little island. As romance, this is all right, except artistically, and there is nothing against honest romance in the nature story field.

Mr. Sass writes well, clothing his stories better than he contrives them, out of a rich knowledge of the South Carolina wilderness.

PENGUIN ISLAND. By Anatole France. Illustrated by Frank C. Pape. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $5.

Here is Anatole France's classic in a sumptuous new dress. Mr. Pape has already illustrated "The Queen Pedauque", Cabell's "Jurgen," and "The High Place" and other works. His distinctive, highly decorative, and intensely amusing style is well-known. Beside the full page illustrations, the binding, letterpress and decorations of the book are all very pleasing. This is quite a prize for lovers of special editions.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. South Seas Edition. 32 volumes. Scribners. 1925. 90 cents a volume. Set $28.80.

This cloth-bound pocket edition of Stevenson is furnished with prefaces by Mrs. R. L. Stevenson and prefatory notes by Lloyd Osbourne to almost every volume. Osbourne's notes draw notable pictures of Tusitala in various creative years. The edition is well-made and simply and attractively bound. It occupies comparatively small shelf-space and is authoritative in every respect. It is an admirable edition for the small library.

A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES. By OSCAR WILDE. Illustrated by Ben Kutcher. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $3.50.

H. L. Mencken writes a preface for this new edition of Oscar Wilde's famous stories, illustrated with charm and delicacy by Ben Kutcher. "Here," says Mencken, "we have the authentic Wilde. . . a rapt and garrulous drunkard of the eye." Wilde sets up, says Mencken, a theory of the world as a purely æsthetic spectacle. And then Mencken goes on to say a great deal more, and, in a little over seven pages, produces one of the most penetrating analyses of Wilde that we have read for some time. This preface, and the additional fact that this illustrated edition is most attractively manufactured, should commend it to the affluent reader.

COLLECTED STORIES AND TALES. By FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. A. & C. Boni. 1925. $2.

This new volume in the Bonis' excellent American Library, is as justifiable a reissue as that of the four volumes of Bierce brought out some time ago. In the middle of the nineteenth century O'Brien led the New York Bohemians of that day. He was, as William Winter has quoted, "splendid in banquets". He had all the personal charm and dashingness of the fortunate Irish. "The laugh of O'Brien blew care away from the cup of life, as foam is blown from the white caps of the sea."

"His literary life", says our contemporary O'Brien, "was exceedingly irregular and very productive . . . His best is superb, and his worst shockingly bad . . . But the best of his short stories call for no apologies, except our own for neglecting them so long." Well, here are the best: "The Diamond Lens" (a masterpiece of imagination), "The Wondersmith", "The Lost Room", "The Pot of Tulips", "The Golden Ingot", "What Was It?" and so on. Edward O'Brien thinks that Fitz-James O'Brien forecast "the machine soul" of our day. He possessed or was possessed of a daemon, like Poe, and was preoccupied with the scientific. His best stories are amazing phantasy.

RUBEN AND IVY SEN. By LOUISE JORDAN MILN. Stokes. 1925.

Mrs. Miln's novels of problem are entertaining, even when they are most didactic. In "Mr. and Mrs. Sên" the difficulties of an Anglo-Chinese marriage were portrayed; "Ruben and Ivy Sên", something of a sequel to the former tale, shows unflinchingly the traps that heredity lays for the children of such a union. The spirit of Mendel hovers menacingly over Ruben Sên, who is as Chinese in spirit as he is English in appearance, and over his sister Ivy, whose English soul is hidden behind the prettiest of Oriental faces. The progress of the novel centers around the development of these two characters and around the expediency of their marriages, actual or proposed. The tale is never merely sensational. It is an honest novel, for the most part well written. Some readers will find the scenes in China too full of local color, but only a few will remain unimpressed by Mrs. Miln's mastery of the racial conflict she has chosen to portray.

THE HOUSE OF MENDOZA. By CONDES NEVE. Dorrance. 1925. $2.

With the setting in an actual castle in Spain, and with such principal characters as a very rich and generous Spaniard who is at odds with the Church, his very handsome young son who resolves to become a monk in order to expiate the imaginary sins of his father, and a very handsome and plucky American heiress, one could not but expect the author to give his story the color of romance and fervor of melodrama. The first half of the novel runs along at a brisk trot. The father, anxious to keep his son from entering the Church, accepts the accidental meeting with the beautiful American girl as a good omen and seeks in a most subtle manner to act as Cupid between her and his self-flagellating son. Midway, however, the author loses control of the narrative and what follows is rank trash. The heroine permits herself to be kidnapped by a rascally servant, a notorious bandit suddenly begins to act like a Western hero, the young Don succumbs to the temptations of the flesh and recklessly faces death to save the beautiful American, and the scene changes to a most unapproachable pass in the rugged hills of Spain. Wedding bells ring down the curtain.

The triteness of the latter half of the book is somewhat unexpected; for the author has a picturesque flow of language, and his depiction of the life in a Spanish village is vivid and colorful.

GRAIG KENNEDY ON THE FARM. By ARTHUR B. REEVE. Harpers. 1925 $2.

Lovers of detective stories—who *ipso facto* follow Craig Kennedy's adventures—may think that there are no mysteries and dangers in rural scenes sufficient to attract his professional attention. Mr. Reeve easily shows that there is much criminal work of a baffling sort done far away from the city streets. From the Canadian border to Long Island Craig travels with the chronicles of his deeds; he unravels mysteries in which every clue points, to the lay mind, in the wrong direction. Occasionally the yarns are not built up to the rattling climax which a first rate detective story should have, but the book will give the reader a satisfying evening in an armchair.

STAND BY. By CAROLYN COX. Harpers. 1925.

Here is a romance of the World War and of the period immediately following. Rosemary Lee is a Southern girl who is so indiscreet as to include within a package sent to the sailors her own photograph. As a consequence she becomes acquainted with hard-boiled Jack Harlow, the Devil's Mascot, and marries him on impulse. Later he finds the marriage irksome and ignores her letters. His ship is torpedoed, but he escapes to have more adventures. After the Armistice he becomes a mine sweeper and is permanently injured. Meanwhile Rosemary has fallen in love with another sailor. But when Jack, now a consumptive and hopeless wreck, approaches her she is loyal, and though subsequently he is brutal she never falters. He reforms, saves her from drowning, and dies.

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WAR AND PEACE. By *Lyof N. Tolstoy.* Translated by *Nathan Haskell Dole.* Crowell. $2.50 net.

RUN SHEEP RUN. By *Thames Williamson.* Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.

"DEE DEE." By *Eliot H. Robinson.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1925. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien* and *John Cournos.* Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.

THE DUGOUT. By *Zoe A. Tilghan.* Oklahoma City: Harlow.

THE DEVIL IN LOVE. By *Jacques Cazotte.* Houghton Mifflin. $6.

LITTLE TIGER. By *Anthony Hope.* Doran. $2 net.

JOLINE. By *Harriet T. Comstock.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

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HALF A MINUTE'S SILENCE. By *Maurice Baring.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

DEAD LETTERS. By *Maurice Baring.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY. By *John Erskine.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By *Jonathan Swift.* Knopf.

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Government

THE MORAL STANDARDS OF DEMOCRACY. By HENRY WILKES WRIGHT. Appleton. 1925. $2.

Professor Wright opposes some of the inroads that the behaviorists have made into the moral and social sciences. He refuses in particular to accept a version of Man in which that being is denied a consciousness. Without consciousness how can we reason, and without reason, how can we be moral? Professor Wright,

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...g social ethics in the University of Manitoba, is one of the ordained ones to champion the validity of the concept of consciousness. It would not be unlike the behaviorists to fancy that in doing so he was in fact "responding to stimulus," though they might be too polite to say so. Many votaries of the Goddess of Reason have excelled rather in their familiarity with abstract aspects than in their faculty to cope with the concrete, and Professor Wright in his turn has a most thorough command of the generals and of the doctrines in the ethical field. His contact with the awkward edges and crannies of the specific is less secure. He approves and cites Swenson on reason as the basis of community life. But Robespierre had the same notion, and reason still suffers from the after effects. He praises the virtue of literature as a tonic to the democratic conscience, but shows no awareness of the modern dispute over whether literature can maintain its tonic quality under present democratic influences. He urges "more intelligent and humane methods in handling workmen, methods raising them above the status of mere hands;" and of what then, has the industrial world been talking, with what has it been experimenting, throughout the present century? A book presenting the scholastic side of the ethical doctrines of today's society should have value and interest. But to have either, it must be written in awareness of what goes on in the open daylight, outside the study window.

International

EUROPE TURNS THE CORNER. By STANLEY HIGH. Introduction by Col. Edward M. House. Abingdon Press. 1925. $2.

This is a readable and informative book to show that the year of 1924 marks the beginning of European financial and political recovery, after five years of post-war prostration.

The author bases his thesis on the facts hat 1924 witnessed the coming into ower of the British Labor Party, the bandonment of the reactionary chauvin- m of Poincaré in France, the stabiliza- m of Germany through the Dawes plan, recognition of Russia by several of the at powers, the framing of the Protocol the fifth League Assembly at Geneva naugurate compulsory arbitration and lish that international security which be precedent to any world disarma- and finally the beginning of a e of heart on the part of the United toward Europe and consequently re active interest by America in an settlement.

ddition the author has much to sympathetic way on internal con- Russia. He also urges America more liberal attitude on the Debt settlement and especi- League of Nations and the

striking statement in ound in the intro- Colonel House. no living to

of Anglo-Saxon unity of the governing class whose loyalty has been above reproach, and yet whose rational views on [illegible] have been unclouded by war-time hysteria. Mrs. Swanwick has given us a history of the ten years' activities of the Union of Democratic Control, the organization founded in 1914 with the object of preserving undimmed, through the War and after, the oft-asserted British objective, a peace without vindictiveness and a new world order based on liberal principles. For this the U. D. C. fought and for this it was anathematized by Parliament, by the Press, by everyone. Yet within its ranks were such men as Ramsay MacDonald, Morel, Gooch, Lord Thompson, etc., many of whom later rode to office with the Labor victory of 1923, and all of whom for ten years have been striving for a new order in the conduct of foreign relations. Mrs. Swanwick's book is effective through its ease of style and clarity of argument, with a perhaps too prolonged technical description of her own organization. On the whole it is a most valuable adjunct to the numerous diplomatic disclosures lately brought forth.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By *Raymond Leslie Buell*. Holt. $6 25.
CHINESE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY. By *William S. A. Pott*. Knopf. $2 net.
PROBLEMS IN PAN AMERICANISM. By *Samuel Guy Inman*. Doran. $2 net.
AMERICA IN CIVILIZATION. By *Ralph E. Turner*. Knopf. $5 net.
THE SENATE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By *Henry Cabot Lodge*. Scribners. $4.
THE DESTINY OF A CONTINENT. By *Manuel Ugarte*. Knopf. $3.50 net.
THE NEUROSES OF THE NATIONS. By *C. E. Playne*. Seltzer. $5.

Miscellaneous

FATHER'S FIRST TWO YEARS. By FAIRFAX DOWNEY. Minton, Balch. 1925. $1.50.

There are plenty of manuals for new babies and new mothers. Mr. Downey has therefore decided to take the part of New Fathers. He spoofs the situation in which they find themselves, but with shrewd wisdom and cheerful disillusionment. Chapters of the book have already appeared piecemeal in *Life*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Judge*, etc., thereby adding greatly to the world's gaiety. Mr. Downey is a journalist, a special writer for the *Herald-Tribune*. But his writing in "Father's First Two Years" is unstereotyped and charmingly fresh. The little book will make an entertaining gift to any New Father that you know. Margaret Freeman's illustrations are quite in the spirit of the occasion.

HALF HOURS IN THE KITCHENETTE. By G. F. SCOTSON-CLARK. Appleton. 1925. $1.

A tiny book of recipes to enable small households and kitchenette cooks "to have a variety of food at a low cost and with a minimum of trouble." Mr. Scotson-Clark is more practically valuable as a guide than any number of Brillat-Savarins, for the majority of dishes he shows how to make can be prepared in half an hour with only kitchenette facilities. If this be epicureanism it will also prove a boon to young apartment dwellers and the newly-wedded of the Great City. Bachelors will also call the author blessed! The book almost slips into one's vest pocket, ...of suggestion therein will ...and at the same time ...ancial resources for ...oreover, Mr. Scotson- ...is recommendations no ...atory inspiration.

...CIPES OF FAMOUS ...ith a foreword by FLOR- ...N. Harpers. 1925.

...lace, how can any woman, ...erwise, have a "favorite" ... any one who can cook ... have at least five or six ...neat-dish perhaps, a salad, ...esserts, a Welsh rabbit; there ...s to suit varying moods and ...nents. If a woman is com- ...loose one special recipe from ...re she will naturally choose ...iking dish, her fanciest concoc- ...that is what this book is com- ... for the most part: elaborate, ...w-pieces of cookery. It runs ... salads and desserts; and though ... these recipes are excellent, very ... distinction or uniqueness. The ...ct is a little too extemporaneous, ...ourish—as is also the quite flip- ...troduction by Florence Stratton. ...ven if the book has not much ...alue, it might make a perfect

(Continued on next page)

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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

CIRCULATION DEPT., PENTON BLDG., CLEVELAND, OHIO

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Points of View

Oyez! Oyez!

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In a world where so much that is really excellent gets smothered from view and fails to win the attention of the very people most fitted to enjoy it, I think it more and more behooves any one of us who happens upon a treasure to turn himself into as much of a megaphone as he can manage and proclaim his find from the housetops.

Therefore at the full power of my lungs (which are not so powerful as I could wish) I emit the following yawp:

READ "THE PANCHATANTRA"!

It is translated joyously by Arthur W. Ryder. It is published by the University of Chicago Press. It costs $4. And it is worth many times that amount, or what have you?

This is rough barking for a fine and ancient and humorous and humane and incredibly wise and lovely book—but O Lord! what a hubbub those Best Sellers are making. So forgive my manners, but remember my advice:

READ "THE PANCHATANTRA"!

LEE WILSON DODD

A Matter of Fact

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In your issue of May 16 you published a review of my book, "The Dogma of Evolution," by Professor Sperry which gave your readers an accurate and admirable discussion of the purpose of the book. In the issue of June 6 you also published a letter by Professor Birge which expressed the writer's profound contempt of both Professor Sperry and myself. At the time I was in Europe and have but recently had my attention called to this letter. Under the circumstances, I trust you will give me the courtesy of your column at this rather late date.

Such a letter should be answered only because it brings up a matter of fact which is fundamental in the theory of evolution. In the first place, Professor Birge makes the assumption that I have not read Weissmann; this statement I can deny. But he adds: "Or there are many who can read as if not reading, and perhaps our author is one of these." I must, perforce, leave this to my readers to determine; but those who have read the book will find that I give full references for my statements. This criticism is rather exasperating since I have stated in "The Dogma of Evolution" that biologists would better understand Lamarck's theory of the inheritance of acquired traits if they would read his "Philosophie Zoologique" in the original. The proof of this criticism lies in the fact that, while there are many students of biology in the country, I own one of the very few, perhaps three or four in all, copies of the early French editions. And what many biologists claim to be his idea of the inheritance of acquired traits is not what he states it to be. May I add that Professor Birge, when accusing me of the worst sin in authors—that of not verifying one's quotations—seems to have forgotten that he opens his short letter with the confession: "I have not seen the book and I know it only from the review."

It is time to come to the point at issue. Professor Birge's interest lies in my statement: "Weissmann cut off the tails of many mice for many generations, and when each new generation persisted in having tails, he cast Lamarck's theory aside, ignoring absolutely the simple fact that mutilation inflicted on an animal can hardly be called a habit acquired by the animal." He then comments by writing that: "If the sentence represents the author, it is conclusive evidence that he does not have even the beginning of a competent understanding of Lamarck, Darwin, or Weissmann, still less of the history of zoölogical thought in the last quarter of the nineteenth century." That is a large statement for a man, trained in the exact methods of the biological sciences, to make on the evidence of a single sentence.

[illegible] readers may judge of Professor Birge's own acquaintance with Weissmann's essay, let us turn to Weissmann's "Essays upon Heredity and Kindred Biological Problems, Authorized Translation by Professors Poulton, Schönland, and Shipley, Oxford, 1889." It is certainly true that Weissmann did not believe that the transmission of acquired traits had an existence in fact. He states: "Doubts on this point have been expressed not only by me but also by others, such as du Bois-Reymond and Pflüger. Indeed, concerning a *certain class of acquired characters, viz. mutilations* (italics mine), the great German philosopher, Kant, has distinctly denied that transmission can take place." Can it be denied that the meaning of the word "acquire" is the achievement of something by *one's own endeavor* as contrasted with what is derived from native gifts or external endowment? And it is in this sense that Lamarck invariably uses the word. Is it unwarranted for me to object that, when Weissmann cut off the tails of mice, the mutilation was not a habit acquired by the animal?

Again, in the essay of Weissmann the proofs given, that acquired traits are not transmitted, are with one exception cases of the transmission of mutilation based on uncontrolled reports; the one exception is the account of his own experiments on mice and he states: "This question can only be decided by experiment."

. On page 432 ff., he writes: "The experiments were begun in October of last year (1887), with seven females and five males. On October 17 all their tails were cut off, and on November 16 the two first families were born. Inasmuch as the period of pregnancy is only 22-24 days, these first offspring began to develop at a time when both parents were without tails. These two families were together eighteen in number, and every individual possessed a perfectly normal tail, with a length of 11-12 mm." For fear that "the effects of mutilation do not exercise any influence until after several generations" he killed most of the second generation and kept only a few, carefully isolated from all other mice, and bred them with the same negative result. This method of breeding was continued with the final result as follows: "Thus 901 were produced by five generations of artificially mutilated parents, and yet there was not a single example of a rudimentary tail or of any other abnormity in this organ."

He finally asks: "What do these experiments prove? Do they disprove once for all the opinion that mutilations cannot be transmitted? Certainly not, when taken alone.—They might not appear by the fifth generation, but perhaps by the sixth, tenth, twentieth, or the hundredth generation." If Professor Birge had done me the ordinary courtesy of reading my book before he accused me of crass ignorance he would have discovered that **I was not** discussing the vexed question whether heredity variations are due to changes in the somatic or the genetic cells, but whether mutilations could be considered as acquired traits and as a criterion of the soundness of Lamarck's theory. It is also true that Weissmann discarded Lamarck's theory principally on the one, and one only, experiment on mice which I cited.

It may be that it is unnecessary to read an author, who ventures to question the facts and hypotheses of biology, in order to show his folly. It may be that some biologists can, because of the superior mental discipline of their study, base their hypotheses on the laws of physics and extend their deductions to the field of theology; while neither the physicist nor the theologian can understand biology. If this be so, we can happily turn over to those biologists the direction of human affairs with complacent satisfaction, but it would be easier for the rest of the world if they would just come to some agreement amongst themselves on any one theory of evolution and would then learn to express themselves so that others can understand what they teach. How is the human race to perfect itself and to reach the state of eugenic bliss when each inquiring mind is according to Professor Birge, but an *abyssus abyssum invocans*? It is discouraging to find that even the English language does not supply words adequate to express biological contempt.

University [illegible]

The New Books

Miscellaneous

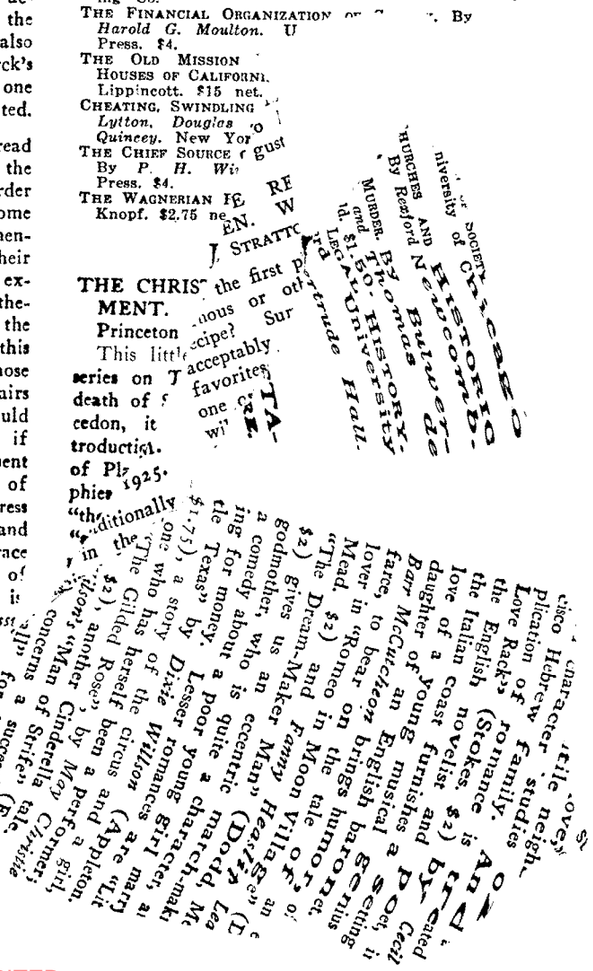
(*Continued from preceding page*)

bridge-prize. It seems designed especially to be passed from hand to hand among an informal gathering of women; it should accompany the refreshments.

ON UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES. By THEODORE WESLEY KOCH. Privately printed. 1924.

One of the most interesting phases of the modern American library movement has been the steadily increasing importance of the library in college and university circles. In the modern university the library is the most important building on the campus, and bears the same relation to the departments of history and literature that the laboratory bears to the scientific departments. Selecting the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Columbia, and Yale as examples, Theodore Wesley Koch, Librarian at Northwestern University, shows how the library has risen step by step in the esteem and approval of the college community. After observing the earnest efforts made by the modern librarian to encourage the public to use his library, it is distinctly amusing to note the efforts made by some of the early library executives to discourage the use of their collections. John Price, once librarian of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, was a man of the latter type. When "Captain Cook's Voyages" first appeared it was very popular. He anticipated the demand, and loaned his copy to a friend, remarking that the longer he kept the book the better he would like it, for he was sure he would be perpetually plagued with inquiries for it. Mr. Koch points out the value of the library in encouraging the student to think independently and to know and to love books. "Much of the usefulness and attractiveness of the university for its students," said President Eliot of Harvard, "depends upon the size of the library, on the promptness with which it obtains the most interesting books, and on the efficiency and liberality of its administration. Any need of the library is therefore a need of the whole university."

SIMPLIFYING MOTHERHOOD. By *Frank Howard Richardson*. Putnams. $1.75.
TOM MASSON'S ANNUAL. Edited by *Thomas L. Masson*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
COAL. By *Edward T. Devine*. Bloomington, Ill.: American Review Service Press.
THE ENO COLLECTION OF NEW YORK CITY VIEWS. *By Frank Weitenkampf*. New York.
FIFTY YEARS OF SPORT. By *Lieut. Col. E. D. Miller*. Dutton. $6.
THE MINER'S FREEDOM. By *Carter Goodrich*. Marshall Jones. $2.
THE FOLLIES OF THE COURT. By *Leigh H. Irvine*. Los Angeles, Calif.: Times-Mirror.
WALL-EYED CAESAR'S GHOST. By *Jane Baldwin Cotton*. Marshall Jones. $1.75.
AN INTRODUCTION TO STATISTICAL ANALYSIS. By *George Gailey Chambers*. Crofts. $3.
THE CLIMATES OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Robert De Courcy Ward*. Ginn.
ART IN HOME ECONOMICS: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. By *Marion E. Clark and Others*. University of Chicago Press. $1.
BYWAYS TO HEALTH. By *Thomas D. Wood and Theresa Dansdill*. Appleton. $1.50.
FAMOUS AMERICAN JURY SPEECHES. Edited by *Frederick C. Hicks*. St. Paul: West Publishing Co.
THE FINANCIAL ORGANIZATION OF [illegible]. By *Harold G. Moulton*. U[illegible] Press. $4.
THE OLD MISSION HOUSES OF CALIFORNI[illegible]. Lippincott. $15 net.
CHEATING, SWINDLING [illegible]. *Lytton, Douglas [illegible] Quincey*. New Yor[illegible]
THE CHIEF SOURCE [illegible] gust[illegible]. By *P. H. Wi[illegible]* Press. $4.
THE WAGNERIAN RE[illegible]. Knopf. $2.75 ne[illegible]



Travel

FOUR YEARS IN THE WHITE NORTH. By *Donald B. MacMillan*. Medici Society. $4.
LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY. By *Major General James G. Harbord*. Dodd, Mead.
THE WAR OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES. By *General von Hoffmann*. International. $3.50.
MESA, CANON, AND PUEBLO. By *Charles F. Lummis*. Century. $4.50.
JAPAN AND KOREA. By *Frank G. Carpenter*. Doubleday, Page. $4 net.
LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. By *Karel Capek*. Translated by *Paul Silver*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
A WAYFARER IN UNKNOWN TUSCANY. By *Edward Hutton*. Dutton. $3.
OLD TIME PARIS. By *Georges F. Edwards*. Dutton. $2.
LOMBARDY, TYROL, AND THE TRENTINO. By *Hugh Quigley*. Dutton. $3.50.
THE ROMANCE OF EDINBURGH STREETS. By *Mary D. Stewart*. Dutton. $3.
ROVING THROUGH SOUTHERN CHINA. By *Harry A. Franck*. Century. $5.
YES, LADY SAHIB. By *Grace Thompson Seton*. Harpers. $4.
THE LITTLE WORLD. By *Stella Benson*. Macmillan. $2.50.
THE DIVIDING LINE OF EUROPE. By *Stephen Graham*. Appleton. $2.

Brief Mention

HERE is a shelf of certain recent novels, many of them displaying craftsmanship and acumen. *Virginia M Fadyen* goes furthest back for the setting of her story, in "At the Sign of the Sun" (A. & C. Boni. $2). She takes unknown people in a primitive period and endeavors to show how little the fundamentals of life have changed. She promise as a writer, and ideas. Love the pursuit of wealth are the main of modern life. *Marianne Gat* "Danae" (Harper's. $2) tells the lo of a busin ss woman. Love final quers her personal ambition. It is written book. Theo Blent, in *Bas* "The High Forfeit" (Harper's. $ luxury to face life with a b Again money and love furnish th a high-minded story of real peo economics often fetters hearts. (Macaulay. $2) *Elizabeth Ir* with a good deal less distinct King, gives us a view of in a love story that protes convention. *Sidney Her* in "Both One" (B race problem of Jew in a Ger good

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TROY AND PAEONIA
with Glimpses of Ancient Balkan History and Religion
By Grace Harriet Macurdy
Professor of Greek in Vassar College
Pp. xi + 259 $3.75

This work contains the results of studies dealing with the culture, history and religion of the tribes which built the walls of Troy in the centuries illuminated by the poems of Homer. The author attemps to follow threads of allusion in the poems and to discover their historical value.

"Out of some fifty books on Homeric subjects which have been published in the last few years, I should put this among the first half dozen."—*Sir Gilbert Murray.*

Just Published

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civilization? *Margaret Turnbull's* "Alabaster Lamps" (Reilly & Lee. $2) gives us romance old-fashioned in flavor. The "Wings of Desire," by *Maurice Dekobra* (Macaulay. $2), is a Frenchman's view of America presented in a rather second-rate melodramatic novel. *Grant Sinclair's* "The Woman Thou Art", displays more melodrama, with a garish Golden Gate as background, the principal character a derelict girl emerging from squalor; and in "Yellow Fingers" (Lippincott. $2) *Gene Wright* gives us quite as excitingly, and with far more art, the mystery, romance and drama of the Gorgeous East.

Francis Lynde narrates, in "Mellowing Fortune" (Scribner's. $2) the graphic story of a sheep and his fortune. Quite as much as a solid novelist, *Will James* presents the twenty-western novels, featuring the cowboys versus sheepmen for the possession of called "Troubled Waters". $2). Some good stuff in. And here is the West: *Fred*-settlers of the boisterous North the Mountains" (Scribner's. $2) [illegible] in the [illegible] with murder [illegible] the Western [illegible]

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries [illegible] selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MAY BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

WILD GEESE. By Martha [illegible] Ostenso. (Dodd, Mead)

PUCK IN PASTURE. By E. Mackinstry. (Doubleday, Page)

AMERICA IN CIVILIZATION. By Ralph E. Turner. (Knopf).

I. H. H., Farmersville, Texas, asks for contemporary novels, short stories and poems that have taken the small American town as subject.

TAKING "Main Street" and "Miss Lulu Bett" for granted, let us begin with E. W. Howe's "Story of a Country Town" (Harper). This is probably as near the truth as anyone can tell it in fiction, largely because it does not try to tell all the truth about all the towns on our map. The wind of realism, blowing so keenly in Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio" and "Poor White" (Huebsch), is tempered to the reader by the sunny spirit of William Allen White in his "In Our Town" (Macmillan), short stories of Kansas society as seen from a newspaper office, or in his earlier novel "A Certain Rich Man." Iowa is treated kindly in our short stories, in Rupert Hughes's "In a Little Town" (Harper), amusing tales whose *locale* is the neighborhood of Keokuk, and by Octave Thanet's "Stories of a Western Town" (Scribner) which have to do mainly with the labor troubles of their period. Zona Gale's "Birth" (Macmillan) seems to me the most successful treatment of what we call small-town spirit that we have had so far; one sees the community as a force, almost as a person, and not altogether—as in "Main Street"—as a baleful force, but taking it as it comes, for good as well as evil. I do not wonder that in the stage version ("Mr. Pitt") the citizenry troops across the stage between the scenes, holding together the plot by their discussions, one might almost say by their very presence.

Dorothy Canfield has a typical middle-western college town in "The Bent Twig" (Holt)—it must have typical qualities, for I have heard it claimed by two of them—and in "The Squirrel Cage" (Holt) she shows a town where everyone works hard at keeping up appearances. "Being Respectable," by Grace Flandrau (Harcourt, Brace), has this *motif* of the deadly round and though it is in a city and not even a small one, its millionaires have made their own village inside the city and furnished it with emptiness.

[illegible]e of the book, though, is kind, worth noting in novels about [illegible]f our map. As one goes [illegible] seem to soften, and New towns fare almost too well [illegible] Blessed Cyrus," by Laura (Appleton) is a loving [illegible]vable people, funny enough [illegible]fectionately presented. Laura [illegible]ey Dream" (Yale University [illegible]e added beauty of distance; [illegible]te sketches are of a long-New England. The "Old [illegible]es" of Margaret Deland (Harits companion volumes, present [illegible] kindly, and scarce any of [illegible]n writers find fault with the Even James Branch Cabell's [illegible]dfather's Neck" (McBride) [illegible]te willing to live in that Irvin Cobb's "Back Home" [illegible]dge Priest" (Doran) induce [illegible]eeling to old Kentucky.

Poetry has not been so kind. The small town is so far represented mainly by Edgar Lee Masters's "Spoon River Anthology." It may be an unflattering portrait, but it has certainly been hung on the line.

D. B. W., Smithfield, N. C., is going to give the German language just one more chance. He thinks now that he had two years of grammar, that if he could get something very exciting to read, it would propel him far enough to get going in time without a dictionary.

KNOW this is a good idea. German came to me first entirely by ear; in my twenty-first year I was dropped off the dock in Hamburg—conversationally speaking—and had to swim for some months. The result was a good accent and to this day an evasive way of sliding over datives. But print was closed to me until fate threw my way the opening chapters of a detective serial with thrills all over it. By the time I had reached the last pages, I found I had "exploded into reading". Then I plunged boldly into Spielhagen's "Problematische Naturen" and by the end of that the dictionary was not called in more than every page or so. Here are some shockers that I am assured by Brentano's will keep you reading with your eyes bulging out; Ernst Wichert's "Wilddieb", Green's "Der Grossmogul", Ford's "Abenteuer im Expresszug" and Dallas's "Enterbt". For the longer work, I think a play is better than a novel; Schnitzler's cycle of short plays, "Anatol", induces the reader to proceed, and for plays of his less flippant sort there is "Der Junge Medardus" and the remarkable problem-play "Dr. Bernhardi".

A. R., Bloomington Park, N. C., asks for books in preparation for a tour around the world, with especial reference to the Far East.

SIR FREDERICK TREVE'S "The Other Side of the Lantern" (Funk & Wagnalls) is a favorite book for world-cruisers; it is the record of such a tour as this, now in a popular-priced edition. A new ship-diary of a world cruise, just from Putnam, is "Trailing the Sun Around the Earth", by H. K. Hitchcock, evidently written as letters to a family circle. Another new one is "Far Harbors", by Hubbard Hutchinson (Putnam), with an introduction by Wallace Irwin, his fellow voyager. Mr. Hutchinson is the author of "Chanting Wheels", a novel concerned with labor problems; he has the writer's eye for the romantic. "Where Strange Gods Call," by Harry Hervey (Century), is a series of dramatic episodes picked up here and there in the Far East by a novelist who is also a confirmed traveller in these regions. Gilbert Collins, author of "Far Eastern Jaunts" (Holt), was one of the staff of *Punch*, and though this book is accurate wherever it sticks to the record, its most delightful pages are where it cuts loose and swings into statements as tall as Mark Twain's.

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BOOKS

from
MARY AUSTIN

"I wouldn't have believed that this is your first anniversary. As the *Review* reaches me here in the oldest city of the Republic, it seems to me to have been going on in a kind of immortal vigor like the procession on Keats Grecian Urn. Just like that! One can not imagine that it ever begun, and certainly one does not wish to imagine that it will ever cease. What I like most about it is that, more than any Review published, it escapes from the mid-Victorian obsession that a review, by its mere condition of being such, constitutes a kind of literary fiat. There is less of that so irritating, and to the whole cause of literature, so stultifying attempt to pass off the reviewer's personal reactions for legitimate criticism, than in any thing that reaches me here. What I seem to see, to return to the figure of the procession, is all the books of the hour with the front of their bosoms cut out like those people in Hawthorne's story, and a pane of clear glass substituted. March on, march on!

from
SIDNEY HOWARD

"—I do so like *The Saturday Review.* It has good sense, good taste, good humor and good breeding and those are rare qualities in the periodical world of our times. It has both courage and scepticism—courage in its openness of mind and scepticism—wherever a paper should have scepticism. I mean by all that high falutin' talk that it is friendly to the new and suitably suspicious of it.

I wish that I might balance this letter with some constructive criticism or suggestion, but I have enjoyed my subscription and I confidently expect to continue "along those lines."

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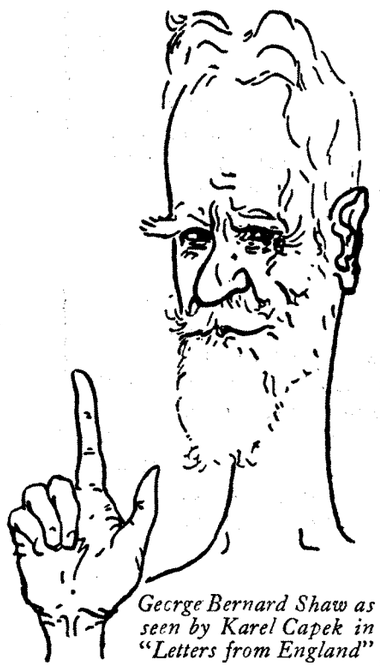

George Bernard Shaw as seen by Karel Capek in "Letters from England"

Even the English admit that England is full of traditions. Many of them assert that England is founded on traditions. In fact, the honest Briton is so keen in traditions of various kinds that he does not hesitate to create new ones whenever occasion arises.

In the Balkans, however, traditions are neither so stabilized nor so overwhelming. People don't take them quite so seriously.

So when Karel Capek, famous Czecho-Slovakian author of that weird play *R. U. R.*, records in whimsical letters and delightful sketches his impressions of the most conservative country in the world—well, he pokes a few solid British traditions in the ribs—steps lightly on the toes of a few national demi-gods—and cheerfully shares with his readers the amazement and amusement he felt during a recent trip to the island of roast beef, constables, and afternoon tea.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND

By Karel Capek

Illustrated by the author

Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00

Here Professor Capek has caught Mr. Chesterton apparently on the point of bursting into a paradoxology.

The Phoenix Nest

A FASCINATING little book of verses and drawings is "Puck in Pasture", written and illustrated by *E. Mackinstry* (Doubleday, Page). The decorations recall the pen-work of *Lovat Fraser*, without his mastery, but with a fantastic charm of their own. The poems are uneven but secrete occasionally an original magic. It is an extremely pretty little book altogether, with its harlequin cover. * * * *John Erskine* has now given us "The Private Life of Helen of Troy", in which satire and beauty are mingled. This is certainly an excellent idea,—to show us how things fared with Helen after the Trojan War. Here she is back in Sparta, "unrepentant, too beautiful to kill". From a glance at the book we see that Mr. Erskine makes his people talk like real people in modern life. We expect to derive entertainment from this fabrication when we can really get at it. And we shall be interested to compare it with *Edward Lucas White's* recent "Helen", which we much enjoyed. * * * A book of historical importance to America is "Gold of Ophir," by *Sidney* and *Marjorie Greenbie*. They develop, in this vivid history of our Clippers, the theme that it was the wealth of the Far East that had a dominating influence upon the whole discovery, exploration, and development of this continent. The glamour of China hangs over our early history to an extent that few of us realize today. * * * *Brand Whitlock's* "Forty Years of It" is the story of the first period of his life as lawyer, politician, statesman, and author. We dipped into it the other evening and became absorbed. It reveals such sound and fine common sense, such distinguished intelligence, that we can think of no bit of autobiography by a public American in recent years that can hold a candle to it. * * * *William Allen White* has composed an appreciative foreword to the book. Whitlock writes straightforwardly, with humour and mild sarcasm and graphic description. Almost always one can applaud his judgment and his modest courage. * * * *Paul Morand's* "Closed All Night," an intensely sophisticated and quite amusing companion volume to his "Open All Night", now appears in an American translation and is a fine and savoury artichoke for the lovers of artichokes. It received the *Prix de la Renaissance* in France. * * * *T. F. Powys* presents his audience with a new novel, "Mockery Gap". It is the story of a tiny village on the coast of England. It is the tale of Mr. Tarr and the folk of this village. "Sardonic whimsicality" about describes Powys's best characteristic—a phrase plucked from the jacket of this new creation. * * * The brilliant *Maurice Baring* is the author of two new volumes, "Dead Letters" (very funny), which date from the Trojan War down to the present day, and "Half a Minute's Silence", a collection of stories. These stories are said "to quietly express the soul of Russia," and readers will doubtless be able to compare them with the recent *Gerhardi* view of that great and mysterious country. * * * Baring was born in 1875, fourth son of the first Lord Revelstoke. He served in the diplomatic service in Paris, Copenhagen, and Rome, and then went to St. Petersburg, about 1904, as special correspondent. * * * In the Great War he was in the Royal Flying Corps. * * * His two-volume biographical novel "C," published last year, will be remembered as a distinguished piece of work. * * * It will be in two finely illustrated volumes. * * * *William Garrett*, the Scotch advocate-author, who has been travelling in this country and Canada, and whose detective stories have become quite popular, has put his *imprimatur* upon *J. C. Snaith's* "Thus Far", "an excursion by that writer into Mr. Garrett's own field of the murder tale." * * * *Ralph Barton* has been elected to illustrate a new two-volume limited edition of *Balzac's* "Droll Tales" which Liveright will bring out this autumn. Barton has just returned from Touraine where he has been securing local-color for his illustrations. * * * A number of the originals of some of the illustrations already completed have been sold by Mr. Barton to collectors. * * * "The Enormous Room", by *E. E. Cummings*, is being translated into French by *Valery Larbaud*. * * * We have much enjoyed the slight volume of *Burne-Jones's* "Letters to Katie". It shows the great Pre-Raphaelite in a new and very attractive phase. * * * *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* has written us from a bursting heart one of the most amusing letters we have had yet, beginning, "You big coward!" He refers to the fact that he fears we have "got him in bad" with *Blanche Colton Williams*. We have only space to quote part of his effusion, alas! part:

See what my stuff did for Kit [illegible] used to live in Philadelphia which I'm telling you for wildness trots right up next Brooklyn and Dayton, Tenn. When he was here he kept the old nose-bag on most of the time—I know because I used to toastmaster for some of the dinners people kept giving him. Then he went bad and broke into the *Ladies Home Journal*—it's been suppressed since he left, repressed anyway. Well, that boy read just one of my pieces. Within a week he'd cleaned up, moved to York, broke away from all them rummies what he used to play around with and got a job on the *Saturday Review*. I've heard them tell it that a guy named Canby, who's a purist, has taken him up. Well that's what Kit needed. Sydney Williams and I did all we could in Phillie, but then Sydney never was what I'd call a real purist and I couldn't do it all.

As soon as ever he began to write in York he showed what my nature pieces done for him. He wrote something about where the blue begins. I never got so far as reading it myself, but I've known them who did. With me the blue begins on Monday morning and lasts until the next week-end unless, of course, there's holidays come between—but then I never was what you'd call a real willing worker.

But now, getting back to Blanche, I didn't mean nothing in my letter to you saying that it was wierd for a Perfessor of English to like Harold Bell Wright's sob stuff or that Curwood was all wrong about there being skylarks and brown nightingales and cardinal birds in Canada. Curwood can have ostriches and cassowaries singing in the banyan trees north of Montreal and I'll never peep a word again if Blanche's willing to leave things lay.

I never meant to hurt that poor girl's feelings and her so nice about honorably mentioning me as an also ran in the 1923 O. Henry. Now you tell it to her. You know me. I wouldn't hurt no woman's feelings. Anyway she had the big laugh on me because I didn't spell "wierd" right. No one spells "wierd" or "seige" or "sieze" or any of them trick words right except by accident. It was my secretary anyway who wrote the letter and she spells by ear—no, no, I just can't do it, hiding behind a girl. I spelled it out for her myself.

So you tell it to Blanche Colton Williams [illegible] she's willing to call the whole brawl off and mention me honorable some more, I'll buy on of her monograms about Harold Bell Wrigh I'll even go so far as to read one of his dam books—if I can.

Now, you tell it to her. You got me wrong and you oughter get me out right. * * * Well, we've done the best could. * * * We certainly have!

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. [illegible]

SALES AT ANDERSON'S

AUTOGRAPHS, historical letters, and documents of American, British, and French interest, from various consignors, comprising 339 lots, were sold at the Anderson Galleries in the afternoon session of October 13, bringing $3,480.75. Whenever items of rarity or importance were offered good prices were realized.

A few of the more interesting items and the prices realized were the following:

Balzac (Honoré). A. L. S. 1 p. 8vo, April 13, 1844, in regard to his "Comédie Humaine." $27.

Brahms (Johannes). A. L. S. 3pp. 8vo, 1882, to Sir George Henschel, $25.

Caroline, Queen of George II of England, A. L., 6pp. 4to, St. James, Dec. 22, 1727, private and gossipy letter. $50.

Congreve (William). Manuscript, 1 p. 8vo, containing five stanzas, of four lines each. $17.

Elisabeth Marie Philippine of France, sister of Louis XVI, A. L. unsigned for political reasons, 4pp., 8vo, 1789, refers to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. $50.

Jefferson (Thomas). A. D. S. 2 pp., 4to, Williamsburgh, Nov. 21, 1777, a legal opinion. $32.50.

Liszt (Franz). Manuscript of composition signed, 15 pp., folio, Rome, 1864, $130.

Tennyson (Lord). A. L. S. 1 p., 12mo, Aldworth, March, 1885, in which the poet says: Hoping "that tho' the National bond between England and America was broken by the stupidity of some of George III's ministers—the natural one of blood and language may bind us closer and closer from century to century." $57.50.

Books on early American drama and kindred works collected by Fred W. Atkinson of Brooklyn, together with other consignments, with a separate [illegible] collectors, were sold in the evening session of October 13, 339 lots bringing $3,981.75. Good prices were realized for the more important items.

[illegible] representative lots and the prices [illegible]

[illegible] 5 vols., American drama. $52.50.

[illegible] "History of the New York stage, from the first Performance [illegible] to 1901," 3 vols., royal 8vo, cloth, New York, 1903. One of 358 copies. $50.

Bessemer Press. Addison (Joseph). "Works," 4 vols., 4to, original russia, Birmingham, 1761. $40.

Burns (Robert). "Poetry," edited by Henley and Henderson, 4 vols., 8vo, morocco, Edinburgh, 1896. Centenary edition limited to 750 copies. $40.

Galsworthy (John). "From the Four Winds," 12mo, cloth, London, 1897. First edition of Galsworthy's first book. $57.50.

Genest (John). "Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830," 10 vols., 8vo, morocco, Bath, 1832. Genest's own copy. $72.50.

Shakespeare. "Works," revised and corrected, illustrated, 6 vols., with supplementary volume, together 7 vols., 8vo, polished calf, London, 1709-10. The first octavo edition of Shakespeare's writings. $170.

Spenser (Edmund). "Poetical Works," 5 vols., 12mo, levant, by Matthews, London, 1825. Pickering's handsome edition. $30.

THE DEBT TO COLLECTORS

A THIN octavo volume, finely printed, in gray boards, entitled "The Whys and Wherefores of the William Clements Library, a Brief Essay on Book Collecting as a Fine Art," by Randolph G. Adams, contains a very appreciative tribute to the great collectors and an unconcealed admiration for rare old books. Speaking of the debt to collectors Mr. Adams says:

"I wish *some industrious* person would write a book on the immense debt that civilization owes to the man who amasses books, if he never does anything else. The books which the genuine collector will admit to his shelves are only important books. Few people are interested in collecting unimportant books. People of portant book is a matter of considerable study, and the book collector makes it his business to master that subject. If he knows that a book is important, his opinion is apt to be worth more than that of the man in the street. Indeed it is not long before others bear eloquent tribute to the correctness of his knowledge by imitating his collection. If he does nothing but make a collection, he has accomplished a life work. The exploitation of the collection can safely be left to those less courageous individuals who write books from the sources to be found in the collector's library. I call them 'less courageous' because they take no chances, they do not sacrifice all other earthly treasures in the building up of the library which they are privileged to enjoy. Moreover they are in most cases people with analytic minds who can best use the collection—but then many people have that kind of a mind. The mind of the collector is essentially synthetic and imaginative. He sees without logical processes the importance of a book before the patient investigator finds the reason for its importance. In a very real sense the collector frequently foresees the importance of a book before the writer of a dissertation thereon. Indeed the investigator probably never would see the book if the collector had not rescued it."

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE ruthless frankness with which Joseph Pennell, who is one of the foremost living etchers and illustrators, expresses his views and opinions, has become a tradition of art. It is in evidence in his autobiography, "The Adventures of an Illustrator," which will be published in the latter part of November.

⁂

Grant Richards Ltd. recently in his book talk in the London *Times Literary Supplement* puts the following query: "Lists of books remind me of my discovery the other day among a lot of pamphlets of a C. L. Dodgson book or pamphlet of which I at first had never heard. It is entitled 'The Belfry of Christ Church, Oxford: A Monograph' and I am wondering whether it is known to any of the

Teche, near Martinsville, New Orleans. The monument will be located in a park of fifty acres, near the spot where Evangeline kept her unfilled tryst with the banished Gabriel. In the center of the park will be a wading pool surrounded by figures symbolic of the poem, "Youth, Gladness, Love, and Despair," over which will stand the monument consisting of a figure of Longfellow and his two characters, Evangeline and Gabriel. Funds for the project are being raised among the school children of the South.

⁂

Fanny Butcher, the literary editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, is conducting a series of interesting "Confessions" by well known authors, concerning the book which they would rather have written than any other. One of the latest is by Larry Barretto, whose second novel, "To Babylon," a story of New York, was recently published by Little, Brown & Company. Mr. Barretto says: "When I was fifteen I discovered the book I would rather have written than any other, "John Inglesant," by Henry Shorthouse. High adventure in a great age appealed to me, although I probably discarded everything else the book contained. Some years later I rediscovered it for its moving love story, which is as it should be. Now, at—well, over thirty—I find in it a closely-woven pattern of politics, ethics, and religion, brilliantly illuminating, and I do not doubt I shall find other things at fifty. All this implies living on the part of the author. There are many books I should like to have written, but always I return to "John Inglesant."

⁂

An announcement of importance to book collectors comes from Stan V. Henkels & Son, book auctioneers, of their removal from 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, to larger and more convenient quarters at 1110-1116 Sansom Street. This firm has been in existence more than a half century, and Mr. Henkels is frequently referred to as the dean of American book auctioneers. He is already at work on several important collections which have been consigned for sale at the coming season. Two important autograph collection[illegible]

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